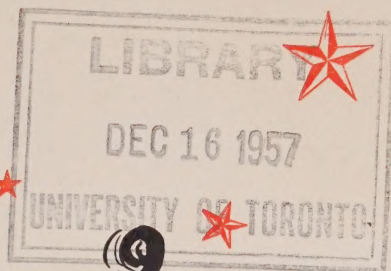


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C. B.

DIAMOND

November 1957 December



Merrie, Merrie
Christmas



❧ THE DIAMOND ❧

FOUNDED 1951

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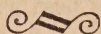
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WORDS OF WISDOM

Wickedness generally does no harm to the universe, so too in particular subjects, it does no harm to anyone. It is only a plague to him whose powers it lies to be rid of it whenever he pleases.

Marcus Aurelius.

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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.
2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.
3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.
4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.
5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

Christmas Message

Once again the time of the year has arrived when I extend to each one of you the Season's Greetings. It is most difficult to wish you a Happy Christmas but I do hope you will have as nice a Christmas as possible under the circumstances. The administration will do their utmost to make it as pleasant as possible for you. I extend to you my best wishes for the coming year and hope that 1958 will see as many as possible of you, reunited with your families.

Colonel Victor S.J. Richmond Warden.

May I take this opportunity to wish all men at Collin's Bay a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I sincerely wish that this Christmas will be a joyous one, and that the New Year will bring health and happiness to all of you.

May God take care . . . protect your loved ones until you meet again.

At this time, I would like to thank the Sports Committee for the effort during the past year. Their co-operation made our sport programme a real success.

Herbert Field, Deputy Warden

My sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas . . . a Happy New Year to all men at Collin's Bay. I trust that it will not be too long before the most of you are united with your families and loved ones, and with this in mind we hope your Yuletide holiday will be as pleasant as possible under the existing circumstances, and that your future will bear success and prosperity.

I, too, would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Sports and Entertainment Committee for their endeavours in 1957, making this year one of the most sports-minded ones in the history of Collin's Bay.

William Downton Chief Keeper.

Christmas is a historical fact which tells us of the birth of a baby in Bethlehem of Judea. Certain details surrounded the event such as the shepherds' surprise, the angelic choir and the visit of the magi to a manger stall. The child's name was Jesus.

But Christmas was no ordinary occasion, happy though the birth of a baby may be. Christmas was God breaking into history, the history of man upon the earth. There was a great purpose and a wonderful plan behind it. God desired to relate Himself to His children. He could not do it by remaining apart from them. So He came to be with them in His Son. He did this because He loved them.

Here, Christmas is a Festival Of Love — God's love for us — our love for others. In the first setting of a family, that love is manifested in a home, the parents love for their children and the children's love for parents. Then the love broadens out until finally it encompasses the world. If we miss the spirit of love in our hearts, we miss Christmas in its true meaning.

With that love comes joy and happiness as its expression and so we say Merry Christmas.

May we all feel that Divine love for us and then share it with our loved

ones and pass it along to others. In that way, the joy and peace of Christmas becomes our own.

God Bless all our families and our loved ones. May Christmas be a time of blessing for us all. On the first Christmas they worshipped the child Jesus. Let us worship too, the Saviour Christ for He loves us all.

Every good wish for you and yours.

Minto Swan,
Protestant Chaplain

Though much is done for the men here at Collin's Bay to make their Christmas a happy one, there is a certain void, an emptiness, that cannot be filled even with a generous Christmas parcel, or by the efforts of the kitchen staff, for this emptiness is in the heart.

Nothing from the exterior can substitute for the blessings of home and loved ones, for the knowledge of being wanted and cared for.

To a great extent, then, each man is thrown back on his own resources, to provide for himself the peace and happiness we associate with this time of year.

Perhaps it will surprise some to hear that by simple expedient of having their minds dwell lovingly upon the original meaning of Christmas, peace and happiness will settle upon them in a manner undreamed of before. Much of the emptiness of their Christmas day will disappear when their minds embrace the scene at Bethlehem where the Divine Child, newly born into this cold world of ours, lies swaddled close and warm to the breast of His loving Mother.

This scene can be dwelt upon, and the Son and Mother can be spoken to, literally to our heart's content.

Here we have an ample replacement in the category of love for all that is missed by our men confined here, if each one will allow those beams of love, emanating from the Crib, to find their resting place in his own heart.

F.M. Devine, S.J.
Catholic Chaplain

GREETINGS FROM THE DIAMOND STAFF

We could say, A Very Merry Christmas, and A Happy And Prosperous 1958. We want to say more than that though.

Since our last publication, there have been changes made. "Shop" was closed down for three weeks; our work got behind; we had to move to smaller office space, as the expanding Classification Office needed our former office, and again we have found it necessary to incorporate our November and December issues into one publication. However, we hope our endeavours will be enjoyed by all.

Don Hurst is now taking a Sheet Metal Course; Bill and Ed are busy with the Masons Department erecting many new buildings and Ivor and I are working at Stores and doing our best to carry on our editorial duties on a part-time basis.

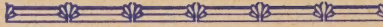
This publication has been the untiring efforts of our former staff, and personally we think it has been a worthy project. We plan to follow the programme followed by our predecessors, and if there are any constructive suggestions for the betterment of The C.B. Diamond, we would be most happy to hear from our readers.

January issue is shaping into a nice magazine, we feel, and one we hope all will enjoy by sharing with us in ringing in the New Year like it's never been 'rung-in' before.

On behalf of Don Hurst; Bill, alias Kole's Korner, alias The Preacher; The Tactless Texan; Rick Windsor, and all our contributors, may we wish each and everyone of you the VERY MERRIEST OF CHRISTMASES and a GREAT BIG HAPPY NEW YEAR. The very best to everyone.

"Gib" and Ivor

Editorial



After reading an article in the Saturday Evening Post (July 57) titled "Why Judges Can't Sleep", I find I certainly have to go along with the reason they give. Namely, the capricious sentencing of prisoners in criminal courts,

It is a well known fact among lawbreakers that the sentences handed out for crimes vary to quite an extent. Quite often we see men go to court with identical charges, then return with sentences that range from six months to six years. This is an everyday occurrence in Canadian courts, and it is certainly the inmates desire to bring these judicial errors forward so they may be improved upon.

The judges of America have got together and turned out a manual called, "Guide to Sentencing." This lists most crimes in the book and the sentences that should be imposed upon violation. This is a very serious matter and we sincerely hope that Canadian judges will get together and adapt a manual similar to this.

There is however another reason in our opinion why judges can't sleep. That reason is, the number of teenagers being sentenced to penitentiaries. This in itself is a very good reason for insomnia.

Is a judge really doing the right thing by sending a mere youth to such a place as this? In our opinion, NO! We suggest these paragons of justice spend some time in here and see for themselves just how educational it really is. The thing that burns us most is this... a judge actually feels he is doing the proper thing by sending this youngster away. All too often we have heard them remark,— "Even though this is your first offence, I feel the place for you is in the penitentiary where you may learn a trade which will prove useful to you upon your release."

In other words there is no one out there in the free world willing to go to bat for this kid and get him started at a trade out there. There is no one who cares, or should I say has enough gumption to stick up for and earnestly try and straighten this youngster out.

Time and again we see the newspapers crying about how crowded our prisons are.

What can you the people honestly expect when no one will come forward and try to put a stop to this problem.

We all know one of the main reasons for this problem lies in the parole system. We are not taking advantage of all the possibilities parole can offer us. It is not only the prisoners that notice this, but it was clearly stated in the recent Fauteux report.

But for some unknown reason they are sending more and more of these teen-agers to prison, and to add insult to injury, you say that's the best place for him. . he can learn a trade there, maybe yes, maybe no. But is it worth the chance when you see what else he can learn?

I'm not saying prisons are filled with men waiting to corrupt and defile him, no. But there is many different personalities in here, and you soon learn the code of prison. The strong shall survive. . . the weak shall succumb. For every one person who is willing to help him in here, there is a hundred who don't care. Why should they, don't we all wear a number? Aren't we all in the same boat, why feel sorry for him when we have our own troubles?

Consequently he has two choices, assume an indifferent hard attitude and be "one of the boys", or, go against the majority and lean on the administration. The latter are known as "stool pigeons" and "joint men", they are despised and shunned.

You may say, "why doesn't he just remain neutral and stay by himself, not make too many friends." Have you ever kept your own sixteen-year-old boy in the house after school or on week-ends for punishment? If you have you can see the agony he goes through trying to suppress all that excess energy. At that age they have to be on the go all the time, they can't keep still. But it's even worse in here you don't do it for one night or one week-end, you do it years at a time.

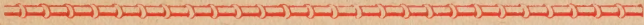
So in order to get along normally and make the best of the situation he has to conform to the majority, make a place for himself with

Continued on page 19

Imprisonment Starts With Freedom

Joseph A. Flaherty

(From *"THE MENTOR"*, South Walpole, Mass. — August, 1957)



Freedom! What prisoner does not consistently dream about it. Without freedom there can be no real life; and most prisoners dwell upon the coming of the grand day, almost as often as they dwell upon thoughts of loved ones. Awake or asleep, high or low in morale, very few prisoners even lose sight of the fact, that their freedom is denied them, that one of life's most precious possessions has been taken from them. Thoughts of freedom are never very far away from a prisoner's mind, nor should they be.

However, while anticipating the return to normal life and living one day, it is understandable that persons in confinement will, if they are not careful, weave dreams of tomorrow which are exaggerated. No drink will ever taste so good as that "first one" the prisoner might anticipate. Nor will that first stroll in freedom, ever quite live up to what it has become in the mind of anyone who has waited years to take such a stroll. And so it goes, all the way down the line. In fact, even freedom itself will measure up to the blissful proportions it comes to promise, as the years go by and a prisoner lives and re-lives, many times over each day, the perfection he'll find in life, when once more freedom is restored to him.

Many servicemen in WW II found this fact out at the war's end. Confined on some steaming South Pacific island, or aboard a war ship at sea, or crouches in a fox hole in a forward combat area, most servicemen dreamed about how exhilarating would civilian life be. However, though their return to normal living was a very joyous occasion for the majority, still the return to civilian life was never quite what it promised to be, back then. Only the dreams of those men who took care not to over-anticipate the future, turned out in all satisfaction.

No prisoner should ever permit himself to lose sight of his freedom, even for a few seconds time. But, while dwelling on the "better tomorrows", all men and women in confinement should also dwell on the problems each of them face — the fact that they do face these problems. For preparedness, so-called, the anticipation of these problems, in some

thought on how best to meet them, will weigh most heavily toward affording a prisoner a more stable beginning. By having faced the fact that he will have his share of problems common to most newly released prisoners, and having spent some time formulating the most ideal approach to them, the prisoner will not receive too severe a setback at a time when he's in the initial "struggle" period.

First to be considered is a matter of family relations. During the years the prisoner has been away from home, his children will have grown fast and considerably. If they were extremely young when the confined parent started the term of imprisonment, chances are the word "Daddy" has lost much of its meaning. It is now a vague term and, depending on the approach and attitude of the parent involved, it will be a while before much realism for the children, becomes synonymous with the term.

Too, there will be needed on the part of the prisoner, a great deal of patience and understanding wherein his wife is concerned. In most cases the love originally shared, will have survived (often even increased), yet, time apart has formed a certain division. Though the love shared has been left unscathed, the couple's life together cannot be expected to immediately revert to the way it might have been when tragedy struck. The harmony once shared will, in most cases, have to be found anew. This will take time, understanding and determination by the car loads.

Another very real problem a newly released prisoner faces concerns employment. If he is being released under parole conditions he will be required to have a job to report to before given his release. That would seem to take care of the matter. But it seldom does. Most prisoners, after the initial few months, are moved to look around for a job more to their liking and better paying, perhaps. (A large percentage of prisoners cannot be choosy. They must take most any available job if they are to fulfil the requirements of parole granted: a home and job to go to upon release. Later on they can afford to search for work more in line with their liking or their trade, if they happen to have one.)

But even aside from the fact that those prisoners on parole might only change jobs with the permission of their parole agent, such a factor is far from being the most difficult. Most agents won't stand in a prisoner's way, when it comes to bettering himself. The rub comes in when making out job applications. Most companies want listed previous employers, etc.

Should an ex-convict tell a prospective employer about his past? This is one of the most divided and most controversial questions possible. One trend of reasoning, which is the philosophy of many — prisoners and penal authorities alike — advocates living down the past as soon and as often as possible. The prisoner's term behind walls has been served. In fairness to himself and to his family, it's best if he can find a way to get around the past. Informing people that he has been in a penal institution, will not prove an asset in helping the prisoner make the grade in free society.

The reverse philosophy group, feels that a prisoner is obliged to fill an employer in on his past. An employer has the right to know who he is hiring, they say. Also, the past is not lived down by denying it; it must be attacked methodically and directly.

Actually, it would seem that the only results in each individual instance, determines which group is right in its opinion. Perhaps the employer does have a right to know who he is hiring. At the same time, however, so, to, does a prisoner have a certain right to privacy. Of course, unless he is naive he must face the fact that the debt he owes society will never really be paid. On the contrary, he will pay for the remainder of his life — particularly if he cannot or does not change his old environment. A prisoner's best chance to build a life anew rests in travelling to a distant state. But that's not practical or even possible in the majority of cases.

In the opinion of this writer, it would seem best if a prisoner wasn't too quick to admit his past. If, for no other reason than concern for his family, it would appear best if he attempted to carry on as any other common individual. And should his failure to inform an employer about his past, result in his discharge, he'll do well to face the fact that he worked just that much longer for the company, than he would have had he labeled himself 'ex-con'. Perhaps he will be informed that he is being discharged in view of the lie and not because of his past. But, again, this stock procedure is a matter of opinion. It could be

said that if the employer was the type man to employ an ex-convict, then he'd possess sufficient warmth and understanding to appreciate the good reason behind a man lying about his past.

Occasionally, a prisoner returning home is able to ignore the whole employment problem. An oil gusher in his backyard, suddenly goes wild. Of course, the wet wash hanging on the clothes line is ruined, and the guy's wife goes into a frantic wing-ding. But you can't please everybody — if you could there would be no problem of employment.

One of the most hard and bitter experiences to confront any prisoner, is to see his loved ones made to suffer shame and indignities over that which they are completely blameless for. In store for the prisoner who must, due to circumstances, return to the same immediate surroundings he occupied prior to his imprisonment, is additional grief. To his neighbors, he is something of an unhealthy curiosity, tainted by having served a term of imprisonment. And though the average neighbor means no harm, still they generally manage to make things a bit worse.

When friends and neighbours gather in groups they enjoy cutting up the gossip: "Isn't Mr. Gatewell doing fine!" someone offers. "Sure is...kinda hard to believe he was in prison at times."

All innocently intended and rarely malicious. For it's obvious that the large majority of people would not knowingly add to the problems a former prisoner must battle — all at once and even while he is endeavouring to gain a level footing after having been away from the world for any number of years.

From listening to adults chatter, Junior learns that Billy and Anns' old man served time in the big house. "Gee whiz! Just like on TV. Wait'll I tell Timmy and Ed and John and Roy, that old man Gatewell was in prison!"

Before long, in the ignorance and cruelty of children, nasty remarks are hurled at school by the other children. "Your old man's a jail bird..."

At this stage of things the "Jail Bird" does well to contain himself. His first inclination, perhaps, is to knock on Mr. So and So's front door, intent upon pounding him through the sidewalk. But since damaging the walk is not conducive to improved understanding — nor can it prove anything except that Mr. Gatewell still has lots of room to improve on keeping his emotions more in hand — the only al-

ternative is to ignore the situation. In a problem of this nature, faced at one time or another by many former prisoners, it would look as though the only solution is to sever those things which landed the prisoner back in the old neighborhood, thus fostering the situation now confronting him.

At all costs prisoners, more than most people, recognize and appreciate the importance of consideration for the children in such a situation. For some prisoners, as problem children, still vividly recall the derision which, in view of delinquent ways, became a very real part of their lives; youthful frustration which, possibly, helped to head them in the direction of the penitentiary.

At any rate, how to best protect his wife and children from the "better than thou's" is something any married prisoner, contemplating returning to the same neighborhood, might dwell upon—and early enough in his imprisonment whereby he might be able to throw off the circumstances which are leading him back to the same environment.

Obviously, there are many, many problems, tailor made for the shoulders of a person coming from prison. For the remainder of their life, the criminal record must closely follow them, blocking time and again any number of constructive opportunities. Yet, when examining the situation from a front row seat, it is to be seen a great number of men and women

still manage to go on to heights of success and happiness — just as does their "recordless" neighbours.

To be certain, no individual passing through prison gates leaves behind them all of their problems — now that freedom has beckoned at last. In fact, in one way it might be said, that the "real" imprisonment begins with freedom and it is up to each one alone to free himself. And with enough preparedness, (the employing of one's years in prison in such manner that they take away from the prison with them, a great deal more than they brought in), with enough faith and determination that those sweet tomorrows lived in freedom will not have been lost this day, then the problems a prisoner faces upon his release from prison, can be no where sufficiently severe enough to rob him and his family and loved ones, of the happiness, contentment and reasonable security which is to be had for all. For no matter what else prisoners are deprived of, they still remain in control of their thoughts and are therefore free to prepare against tomorrow's challenges. And for those who will admit that they will one day face most such problems, they are lucky in two ways: first that they are not kidding themselves, and second because they know what problems will beset them and thus they have a terrific advantage: they know on what to concentrate, and will do well to do so, just as faithfully and enthusiastically as they dwell on of future freedom again.



The Medic reports that it's all right to drink like a fish if you drink what a fish drinks.

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The young man started to work as a stock room boy. Within six months he was made salesman. In another six months he was upped to sales manager. Six months after this he was named general manager, and just short of six months after that he was called in by the president, who explained that he would retire at the end of the year and turn the presidency over to the youth.

"Thanks" said the young man. "Look", growled the president, "you've been with this firm only two years. I just told you that you'll be the new president and you say 'thanks'. Is that all you can think of to say?"

"Well", said the youth finally, "thanks a lot — Dad".

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Sailor. "Doctor, since I'm going to marry Sally, there's one thing I want to get off my chest."

Doctor: "You just tell me all about it son."

Sailor: "It's a tattooed heart with 'Julia' on it."

PAROLE

E. Gibson

I was reading the August 30th edition of the Kingston "Whig-Standard" recently and came across the following news item:
"Rehabilitation:

PRISONS YET TO PROVE EFFECTIVE

LONDON, Ont. (CP)—Prisons have not yet proved effective in the rehabilitation of prisoners, a director of the John Howard Society of Ontario said Thursday. A.M. Kirkpatrick told police chiefs attending the 52nd annual convention of the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police 'it is not right morally or economically to put men behind bars and hope they will return as sound citizens.'

He said 'Parole is the most satisfactory way of releasing men from prisons' and that parolees have the lowest repeater rate of any offenders. Unless the outlook in the prison system was directed toward redirecting the prisoner and giving them training and guidance the punitive measures were not effective."

Past experience has shown that parole is one of the most vital parts of our modern trend towards penal reform. Last year (1956) from this institution alone, there were many inmates released under the Ticket-of-Leave Act — commonly known as parole — and of this number only a very few have returned as "violators" of their conditions of parole, and a minority have returned since their period of parole has expired. I am one of the latter group.

Parole is certainly not freedom in its fullest extent but in reality is a conditional release governed by certain restrictions and supervision. One of the conditions of parole is that the person receiving parole accept the advice of his supervisor. A supervisor may be a Minister; a John Howard Society representative; a Salvation Army Officer; an employer, or even a friend. Parole is actually a probation period during which a person adjusts himself to living once again in Society, and a parolee is making valuable use of his time, supporting himself, and at the same time saving the tax-payer the expense of keeping him in a penal institution.

However, there are many problems in our present parole system that have to be 'ironed out' and until the program is perfected to a greater extent, crime will not be decreased and the public who continually clammer for a better world, will be in constant jeopardy of crime at their own door-step.

Mr. Kirkpatrick is to be commended for bringing this subject up in front of a gathering such as the Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police. One of the greatest hindrances in the parole system, so far, has been that of the parolee reporting to police at specified periods during his probational period. After spending a period of incarceration, an inmate is leery or suspicious of the police department and wants to stay as far away from them as possible. In addition, the police are suspicious of an ex-inmate of a penal institution, and if a crime has been committed he is apt to be considered the one responsible.

Reporting to police can be overcome, I believe. If the police were left out of the picture, parole would be much more effective. As the system now operates, a parolee reports periodically to his supervisor, and also has to give the police the same information, of what he is doing, where he is working, where he is living and all pertinent facts relative to his re-adjustment. Each, in turn, makes his report to the Department of Justice in Ottawa. I firmly believe that reporting to an authorized supervisor is sufficient, and the "Big Brother" could furnish the department concerned with his report, and at the same time give him the advice he might need.

Society demands that ex-inmates make good. Most ex-inmates want to make good. To be released, upon completion of their sentences, with a few dollars and no supervision is certainly not the answer to society's demands. But released on parole — and proper supervision — is.

No matter how many times a person has faltered — there is some good in everyone, and parole will bring the good points to the fore. When a parolee can see how those few

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Alphabetic Thoughts

By R. Gifford Baker



CAPACITY contains certain abilities as courage, integrity, love, long suffering, patience and understanding.

In our capacity for growth we should emphasize the development of the brain. Its capability of storing data is amazing.

We are composite of scores of lives. Something taken from many problems, whom we live agreeably with enthusiasm within ourselves. We can enjoy a rich spiritual happiness when we turn to nature as a companion. There we learn that the best human companion we can ever hope to meet and know, is ourselves.

Nature recovers from many setbacks. So too does not mankind make many comebacks by the patience, cheer and courage displayed? The capacity of the sustaining powers in nature is good medicine for mankind.

Nature is an inspiration to all living things or creatures. Sometimes it is sweet, sometimes bitter, especially when its laws are disobeyed. Nature's laws are universal. They have not changed since the beginning of the world.

What is gone and past help should be past grief, and the man who is his own friend is a friend to all men. Peace is an attitude of mind ruling within mankind. When this attitude spreads within a nation, peace is found within its borders. A state of peace attained in the spirit of mankind is much better than all the armaments in the world.

Let there be peace.

Salvation Army Man Really Talks Prisoners' Language

By E.C. Beer (*Kingston Whig-Standard*)

"The screws are takin' care of Joe again, I hear. Got into a jackpot and now he's doin' his second bit — it's a two-some."

If the meaning is obscure, and it probably will be for this is a spot of argot (criminals' jargon), ask the man in the Salvation Army uniform over there. His name is Major William Mercer and he'll translate more or less like this.

"I fear that 'Joe' has managed to get himself into some kind of trouble with the law — that is to say, a jackpot, without the lucky associations the word usually carries. It's earned him a penitentiary sentence — he's doing a bit, which means serving a term, and apparently it is the second time in for Joe. A twosome? Why, that means it's a two-year stretch — excuse me, term. These expressions are catching, you know."

This familiarity with present-day argot may be surprising in a man of God but there is a good reason for it in Major Mercer's case. For the past five years he has been the officially accredited Salvation Army representative at every penal institution in or near this city. That includes Kingston, Collin's Bay and the Women's Penitentiaries, and more recently the Joyceville prison, as well as city and county jails.

Few citizens know the extent of the major's activities, for the simple reason that they go on, for the most part, behind high stone walls and barred doors and windows. He toils in the dark, and at such a rate that the amazed observer might well echo Hamlet's question of "old mole" — "Canst work i' the earth so fast?"

In the course of an average week's burrowing, the major manages to: Visit all four penitentiaries and the county jail to interview prisoners; Conduct Sunday services of worship at the women's prison and county jail; Hold Bible classes at Kingston and Collin's Bay; Visit sick inmates at prison or city hospitals; Attend sittings of magistrate's and county courts for the purpose of interviewing

offenders and sometimes making representations for them; Carry on correspondence with prisoners' relatives (average, 75 letters a month), and occasionally visit their homes; Escort released men and women to trains and buses and supply them with working clothes or often, in the case of those leaving county jail, complete outfits; Locate and store prisoners' belongings left in hotels and boarding houses.

The list is not exhaustive nor apparently, is the major's time and energy.

Sometimes Major Mercer will follow an offender from city court to county jail, where he or she awaits trial, and then to the penitentiary. "They can't get away from me," is the major's proud claim, but he is quick to add that his services are on a strictly voluntary basis as far as the prisoner is concerned.

"Occasionally I pay a visit to the cells at the request of a relative or friend, but usually the interviews are unsolicited. The Bible classes also are attended voluntarily."

These open forums were started by the major several years ago with the purpose of "giving the boys a little diversion, away from their cells." Average attendance numbers 45 to 50, among them some enthusiasts who become "boosters" for the course and go around recruiting fellow-prisoners. Several long-termers and "lifers" turn up regularly.

Do any of these men have an ulterior motive in attending Bible class? Are they hoping to make a favourable impression on the authorities, with a view to getting reduced terms for good behaviour? The major's answer was typical of his attitude toward his "flock".

"I don't care if they do come with an ulterior motive," he said with a smile. "What matters is that they're still under the influence of the Holy Gospel — and some of them have never felt the influence before." Neglected religious training in youth was, he believed, one of the deep-rooted causes of criminal behavior.

Major Mercer talks the prisoner's language in more senses than one. As well as knowing their lingo, he goes freely among the inmates, visits them in their shops or libraries. "That's what we like," one of them once said to him, "you come where we are."

Two or three will gather, then others come up and sometimes a dozen prisoners will be grouped around the genial visitor in the middle of paint-shop or smithy or school of carpentry. But personal interviews are always private, and an office is available in each shop for this purpose.

Worry about families in the outer world, domestic differences, are frequent themes of these interviews, the major said. He must act as liaison officer and often his task is one of re-conciliation. "It is the people outside who are the problem in many cases...they must be shown the need to forgive." But sometimes there is a happier duty to perform, uniting a mother and son or officiating at the marriage of a prisoner. And there is the frequent call for spiritual aid, often from a source where it was least expected.

Building up relationships of this kind has been the work of time, the major admits. He had scant experience of prison work before being posted here from New Westminster, B.C., in 1952. Prior to that he and Sr Maj. Mrs. Mercer had been travelling evangelists for the Salvation Army for seven years, holding 10-day revival camps in every city and

town in the Dominion. Earlier, they had done Corps or Field Work in the years that followed graduation from Salvation Army College in Toronto (1912).

"I came in fear and trembling," the major says today, recalling his transfer to Kingston. "I was told that I would be dealing with the toughest set of men and women in the country, and I wondered greatly how it would turn out."

The fact that it has turned out so well for both parties to the experience may be due to Major Mercer's decision to "forget that I was among criminals."

"We know we're not here for Sunday School behaviour," one veteran law-breaker told him. "But we like to be treated as human beings all the same."

The major has based his work on this approach. "When I enter those gates, I am among my fellow-men and women, people who are just as susceptible to kindness and love as the rest of us, and who haven't lost all sense of decency."

Over the years, evidence of the success of this "fisher of men" has accumulated in file upon file of letters received by Major Mercer from former prisoners, some of whom have seen the light, as he says, long after their prison days. They testify to the labors of one who, like "old mole," has proved a "worthy pioneer."



PAROLE

months of properly-supervised freedom has been enjoyable, he will want to continue on these pleasantries. Eventually, all will be following the "straight and narrow", even though it might have taken three, four, or six experiences to bring him around, and when he sees that all the bitterness against him has cleared away — then he will have a chance to be fully reformed.

I am back here, although I was a parolee for a short period. I did enjoy my re-adjustment in society under supervision, and could feel myself gradually growing financially, spiritually and mentally. However, one mistake was made, a mistake of not thinking, and for this error I was sent back here. Had I been confronted with the problem sooner,

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or had I attempted to bring it to the attention of my former 'supervisor' before, I am sure I would still be in society. Never-the-less I do realize that rehabilitation starts within each man, and with a little help from our 'brothers' many of us will consider this a stepping-stone to a new life — and any bitterness that may have existed will vanish if we are only given a decent chance.

I say *PAROLE IS GOOD*—and will work. Everyone makes mistakes and only some are caught, but society wants us to do what's right, and most of us do want to do just that. If the modern trend in penal reform is rehabilitation, reformation, and reclamation — then parole is the only answer — *PROPERLY SUPERVISED PAROLE*.

Royalty-Hail to our Queen

by Eugene Ford

The British Royal Family has always been regarded with love and respect for many centuries. They have reflected the Christian religion in the Coronation of many monarchs and the leadership shown to the Christian Church.

The motherly and regal attitude of the late Queen Mary paved the way towards the high status of family life. Her long years of playing a part in the life of the royal family made her the grand old lady of modern times which Queen Victoria had been in the early part of the twentieth century.

The beloved Queen Mother Elizabeth, wife of the late good King George VI, brought her Scottish solidity to the fine temper of English life. Her excellent Christian Character set an example to her nation and family life was given a great impetus. King George shared this great development and was wonderfully helped by the marvellous partner. The recent suggestion that Queen Mother Elizabeth would make an admirable Governor-General of Canada has found a strong sympathetic note in the hearts of many Canadians. It is certain that she would bring charm, culture and ability to that exalted position.

In this glorious succession comes the present Queen Elizabeth. She possesses a strong character and the highest integrity. Her title, Defender of the Faith, has been exceptionally presented in her outstanding personality. Her children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, have captured the imagination of everybody. The Queen's unwavering Christian faith and her personal example have been a religious bulwark for her people. Yet there is so much respect for her as a Monarch, Mother, Wife and Leader. She has those qualities of running a home as well as a nation. Lately I read in one of the daily papers a personal touch of a grand lady who is also a home-maker. We all expect great things of her as our Queen, but what captures the hearts of all her subjects is when she shows her love for her family as a true mother and wife. This is the quotation: While the Queen cooks on an old-fashioned range, Prince Philip keeps Charles and Anne

out of mischief. The Prince knows the kitchen well. He is elected to wash the dishes, so he rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. With lunch over, the Queen and Prince Philip spend the rest of the day reading or playing with the children, nobody calls, this is a secret hideaway in Scotland. The Royal Family do not sleep at the cottage, at the end of the day they drive back to Balmoral and the reality of Royalty.

In spite of the monarchy in a changing world, King's have gone from many nations, but our Queen reigns — not only in title but in the hearts of her subjects. The Queen is a symbol of the importance of the people, and to show it she always addresses and thinks of her subjects as "My Peoples", she feels and displays what is good for them, and she practises herself the values of life and home. The Queen is a servant, also of her people, her life is dedicated to the Commonwealth.

Hail and Welcome to Canada, Our Queen of Canada!

She is leaving her homeland where Democracy was born and royalty reigns, secure to visit her Canadian people.

When she arrives and steps foot on Canadian soil, there will be a tumultuous welcome from deep down in the hearts of her subjects.

It will, no doubt, seem strange to many who were not born of British stock, but who are new Canadians who have been warmly welcomed among us. They may think "Why." "Why the happy heartfelt and spontaneous welcome accorded to her?" The "Why" is: She our own Queen of Canada, is the symbol of our nation, our culture and our faith, what we have fought for, our forebearers has fought for her and our dear ones have died for —that true Democracy might live.

One of our Queens' duties in Canada will be to open the Parliament of our land. In the pageantry of this ancient ceremony, she will be a gracious figure. Her every action and every word will be a message of charm and

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The Barred Bards

*Serfs to a sordid duty . . . He saw them with his heart. . .
Priests of the Ultimate Beauty. . . Feeding the Flame of Art. . .
. . . Poet's Town*

"THOUGHTS"

Each day that passes,
My heart feels so blue,
Just knowing the distance,
That I am from you.

When I'm busy at work,
I am thinking of you,
When I'm out in a crowd,
I find you are there too.

I'm never alone,
While walking at night,
'Cause you're always so near,
And forever in sight.

I hear your voice saying,
"I love you my dear,
And I'll keep on loving you,
Each passing year."

The Day will soon come,
When we're both one again,
And I won't need to use,
This faithful old pen.

But I'll whisper "I love you,"
And much more — if I dare,
I'll hold your hand highly,
To show that I care.

My love keeps on growing,
With the passing of time,
Just knowing I'm yours,
And you'll always be mine.

E. McCorkell

SOMEBODY'S LITTLE BOY

Somebody's boy was crossing the street,
Innocent, young and fair.
He hadn't the judgement of older folks.
He didn't see danger there.

Somebody's boy had a song on his lips.
But it died in an instant way,
For a motorist ran the little boy down
And he died at the close of day.

Somebody kneels by an empty bed,
And fondles a little shoe,
Somebody looks through the empty years
Suppose this somebody were you.

So will you watch for the little boys
Drivers in cities and towns,
Really, it's one of the greatest crimes,
To run a little boy down.

Don Johnson

GUESS WHO

There is a fellow, who is quite sincere
He has no faults, except his beer,
He is very good at fixing cars,
And very good at playing guitars.

He resembles me in many ways,
He knows me from my baby days,
He used to own a '36 Chrysler,
Which made other drivers a little wiser.

He is very tall, and handsome too,
And always ready to drink with you
His first name is Harold, the rest you can guess
When you get to the bottom and read the rest.

I owe this fellow an awful lot,
For all the things which he has bought.
And sent to me while I'm away,
I hope some day I can repay.

I've given hints, and clues galore,
It will not help to give anymore,
But maybe I'll give you just another
And tell you that he is my brother.

E. McCorkell

THE LONESOME NIGHT

The prisons dark and dreary,
There are no birds to sing,
And if there were, I hardly think,
That we'd hear anything.
The lights are out now comes the calm,
When all our work is done,
To most of us it's sleeping time,
But not to everyone.
There's the lad who sleeps just down the range,
Who's leaving us tomorrow,
And though he finds that he can't sleep,
His heart's not filled with sorrow.
Then there's the chap who just came in,
To start a life brand new,
To you he says he'll make out alright,
But deep inside he's blue.
There are the rest I know so well,
Their thoughts cannot be told,
For they're the ones who try so hard,
But not a thought unfolds.
Now comes the dawn in glory,
How brightly shines the sun,
Last night to most was sleeping time,
But not to everyone.

A.G. Lowery

KOLE'S KORNER



By the time this issue goes to press, the big question will be answered. In the Bay, as in all other penal institutions in Canada, rumors are flying. To state a few: "The tailor shop is working overtime making suits... The front office just started the paper-work... They already know how much we are getting... Two to one says thirty days a year." "Do you think the Conservatives will match it?" "Remember what Diefenbaker said at the time of the Coronation." "Look's good for us." These are the many things which the citizens of our bastille are eating, sleeping and dreaming. Of course there are the cynics too. "Time off — nothing they just got some in '53... They don't intend to give us any breaks. Maybe they'll add some time on." (this one in a joking manner.) But even the doubters are hoping. The occasion; Her Majesty's trip to Canada. Kings and Queens thrive on tradition... and it has always been tradition upon important occasions to grant amnesty to inmates of prisons. Let's hope we haven't been disappointed. This Korner received some time off in 1953... over a year to be exact, and really lightened the burden. Now, if I'm lucky and get hit again mm-mm-let's see.

Fall is rolling around and once again comes the problem of picking the pictures to be shown over the winter season. In some prisons, the Council acts as a power unto itself and picks them. Another method used is to allow the general population to pick them. Whatever way is chosen, a few bad ones seem to slip in. It's only natural as you can't please everyone. In the winter there's not much doing, everything is either snow or weather bound. Everyone can see the importance of having good movies especially when we only get one a week, and no popcorn either, tut-tut. Some of our more fortunate brothers in other prisons have T.V. Must be nice being able to decide if you watch football, hockey, the fights or even (heaven forbid) old movies. Speaking of T.V. by the time you read this the World Series will have come and gone, so let's hope that some of these T.V. sets will linger on. Very educational too. Besides I want to get a peep at Marshall Dillon.

Glad to see our citizens are getting a chance

to take part in the Crippled Children's Fund. We in here understand the ravages of diseases, many through personal experiences. Our hearts as well as our meager pocket-books go out to those in need. There are many ways our citizens could and would help if given the chance.

Really enjoyed the show on Sept. 22nd. That budding Buddie is quite a guy. And his wife, she's not only a lovely lady but very talented too. Got quite a kick out of how nervous she was at the beginning. Remember 6 or 7 years ago, the first time this korner saw a female performer inside a prison. She was so scared she had to stop in the middle of a song. The citizens understanding, cheered her on. Took her awhile to see the fact that the only differences in audiences is, ours are more enthusiastic. Best bunch of performers and good sports we've seen in many a moon. Remembered Mr. Snowden when he came to K.P. with the Billy O'Connor show. Petrillo should be proud of this boy, very energetic worker.

Noticed the way the new stage is set up. Very nice, as a matter of fact the whole auditorium looked better. Some of Joe Lothrop's work in the speakers above the stage. The council, mainly Red Snider has really done a fine job here. Don Antone working backstage with Blackie Laramee handling all the lighting, mikes etc. Done a good job, it's too bad we couldn't buy some pictures of the show. No photographer on the Diamond staff though. Noticed some very good pictures in the Pathfinder. A member of the staff fellows? See you got them in for the same month. Confucius did say, "One picture is worth a thousand words." Saw Mr. Fields at the show, looked at least ten years younger dressed in civvies. Hope it will be the same with me, when I get these — ugh! — clothes changed in for civvies. Could use ten years or so off. (Eds. note — fifteen or twenty wouldn't hurt a thing with this guy!) Noticed Gibby taking everything down in shorthand, man can really go. Don't know if it's safe to talk while he's around, guy might have to swallow his own words.

..From the bleachers: Well, softball is over,

but many friendly raguments rage on. Wait till next year eh? Hardly had the last game been played than something new started. (Baseball-Softball) The bases and pitchers plate moved back, pitching softball overhand and taking leadoffs. Wow! With two left-handers, Ted Menard and John Rodgers goings, the result was a very good game. At the start of the season there was some talk of playing fastball. The trial games never materialized. Unless more pitching can be had or developed, this would solve a lot of problems, however, let's wait till spring. While typing last months Korner we made a mistake. Those league award winners did not have it rough, the umpires did, sorry.

Soccer is really shaping up, evenly balanced teams, lots of drive. Although this korner is of the opinion that managers, commissioners etc. should be voted in by the participants of that game. Noticed the list of managers will make for a good season on the field. Blackie Laramée, Joey Hill, my dory partner Lundy and Joe Lowery are all capable men. The pro Joe Jackson got the big job — commissioner. (Have an aspirin) Best of luck fellows.

Met a friend a few days back, one who did a fast 5 with the korner 12-13 years ago. Told me now he's putting in a slow 3 spot. (lucky dorge) Made quite a bit of conversation on the old days. Compared everything from the food to dumb-insolence. Had quite a time discussing censorship. Take our radio system, back in them thar days the imaginists thought it would be a dangerous thing for the citizens gray matter to hear crime news or programs. Every time crime news came on it was switched off, after you had a teaser of course. The rumor mongers had a hell of a time. Twenty dollar scores became \$20,000. Never knew what your next door neighbour was in for, no newspapers and the place was loaded with bank robbers. Now, the way things are today, we hear all the news, guys are more interested in B. and K. The magazines were worse off. Remember one year they used more paint than the paint gang. Drank a beer in Montreal with an old time censor. Had a good job, painting over billboard. Ah yes, those days are gone but not forgotten.

Vocational News: It's all over but the cheering, and by the time you get this we'll have that too. Graduation day—last years courses will have finished — transferred to the industrial gangs to pick up the much needed experience. Hate to leave these vocational cells, clean and comfy is the word for them. The korner sure made time serve him in the vo-

cational block. Should have spent the years here long ago. Had to have my glasses adjusted for long range a few days ago, moved outside the wall. Never knew the country looked so beautiful. Building a pretty big barn out there. Speaking of building did you know that the building the vocational masons just finished was the fastest to go up in the history of the Bay. That's taking the material delays in of course. See Mr. Taylor our new C.V.O. taking the building in. The vocational dept. should be in for some expansion and betterment under his guidance. He really impressed the korner as a vocational teacher. Talking of teachers, I was speaking to "Moe" Smith a few days ago, tells me he's going to add something new to his class this year. Very capable man and one I owe a lot to. Asked his opinion on the Dale Carnegie course. Never had one last year, very disappointment. It would be such a big help when we enter the outside world. Of course, the korner has an ulterior motive, he likes to make speeches. Trouble is the only place he's been invited to is the police station. When requested to "talk" he couldn't remember anything. You know what they say about fellows who make long speeches in the police station. Man, those stairs are slippery. That Carnegie course really improves a guy. Always wondered why self improvement groups were never considered for a place such as this. Ideal conditions. Maybe it's from lack of time — or interest. The korner was going to list some of our foremost citizens. accompanied with bouquets. Thought I'd ask them first, just didn't get around to it. sorry. Any of the citizens want a write-up let me know, of course I'll have to talk to our Backroom Editor first. Have to put a want ad in the Preacher column for one very good and serious spy to supply me with news from the vocational dept. Best of luck to you guy's on the course.

Seasonal Quotes: Had quite a talk with a 16 year old a few days ago. First time in prison he told me. At that age it should be the first time for anything. Pretty soon we'll be ordering diapers. He asked me what Xmas and New Year was like in prison. Said he dreaded the thought of not being with his Mom and Dad at that time. Too bad this young fellow had his family relationship broken up, still a lot of feeling there for them. What really knocked the korner out was the question, "Can I have my people send me in some cake and cookies at Xmas time?" Poor kid, 16 years old and he wants cake and cookies for Xmas.

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The Inside Story

News, views, and items of interest within the ken of an ever-broadening penological scheme.

ROTARY CLUBS GRANT EX-CONS \$10,000.

Former prison inmates receive second grant for Youth Anonymous

Something new is taking place in Detroit and its suburbs in the way of keeping teenagers in the homes and schools instead of in courts and police stations.

It had its origin one year ago when the Michigan Division of the Rotary Clubs International gave an ex-convict \$10,000 — the first time in history the club has repeated a service grant to any individual or organization.

The man receiving the grant is Ernest "Tip" Rumsby, and the service project is his "Youth Anonymous", an organization with a simple program based on a single principle—helping boys and girls who have been in trouble to help themselves.

Albert Eglash, a psychologist who helped Tip Rumsby found Youth Anonymous explains its technique: "You can't beat good into a boy or girl. Neither can you lecture it into them. But if you can bring them face to face with themselves they can usually figure out what's wrong". As Tip says, "Kids are smarter than everybody thinks".

Just year ago Detroit police looked at the new youth organization with a jaundiced eye. Tip is an ex-convict and an alcoholic. He had, and still has, a number of ex-convicts helping him with the program. Law enforcement officers raised the question, "Must the program be implemented by persons with criminal backgrounds to be successful"?

The 38-year old Detroit, who spent ten-and-a-half years in various prisons, explained: "It was in prison, out of hatred and loneliness and bitterness and out of defeat, that a dream and a prayer were born, and that dream and prayer is Youth Anonymous. If I can keep somebody else from going to prison, I will, and if I can help them to stay out after they've gotten out, I'll do that too."

Tip Rumsby accomplished his dream and prayer in a very dramatic manner. Wherever

a chapter of YA was founded in the Detroit area arrests of juveniles took a startling drop and remained at a minimum. Michigan authorities asked Tip to bring his program into the youth correctional institutions.

Today Detroit Police Youth Bureau teams volunteer their services to back YA. "How-do-you-do-it?" requests come in daily to Tip Rumsby from communities ranging from New York to Los Angeles.

Like the experience of Alcoholics Anonymous, it appears that only those who have erred can understand those who err.

Inspector Francis Devey of the Detroit Police Bureau says, "Youth Anonymous may be the final answer to our youth problems."

(via The Spectator, Mich.)

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BRITON PLANS PENAL REFORM

Landon England— Britain is planning penal reforms aimed at:

(1) Shorter sentences.

(2) Prison pay at levels which would enable prisoners to earn their keep, maintain their families. . . compensate victims of their crimes and save for the time of their release.

(3) Change for prisoners from the discredited job of sewing mailbags to responsible, worthwhile jobs like electricians, engineer plumber and radio mechanic.

(4) Adoption as much as possible of jobs for prisoners outside the prisons.

Home secretary R.A. Butler outlining the MacMillan government plans for penal reforms, told the House of Commons that for centuries the idea of punishment has been too dominant.

He looked to the day when "we come to think of our prisons as a place where an offender can work out his personal redemption by paying his debt not only to society but to those of its members he has wronged.

(via The Bulletin, Montgomery Ala.)

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TRAIL—AND ERROR.

Why will a man confess to a murder which he evidently did not commit? This is a question that has long bothered crime investigators. In the case of Dr. Samuel Sheppard and his murdered wife, and for which murder the doctor is now serving a life sentence in a United States prison, there have been several confessions. They have one after the other proved to be a phoney, beyond doubt even on the part of the defense.

But now there comes up one that the defense lawyer claims is genuine. The police say it is another phony. We are not surprised at this, for if there is anything on earth a state attorney or a district inspector dreads it is the reopening of a closed case. They succeeded in getting a conviction and their work was done.

Whether the case was tried in Great Britain, Canada or the United States, police forces are so much alike it is common failing that they feel themselves and their conclusions to be infallible. When once they make an arrest, they seem to forget the possibility of error and concentrate on getting a conviction.

This is something a jury must always keep in mind. Police evidence is prejudiced. Dr. Sheppard was probably fortunate in that his sentence was to imprisonment. It could have been the electric chair. When he appealed for a new trial he was reminded of this and told that a new trial might end in the chair. He still wanted the new trial.

We do not pretend to know whether or not the latest person to make a confession killed Marilyn Sheppard, but we do know that the members of the jury are glad that they recommended mercy.

The question comes up so often, and particularly when the public conscience is troubled over someone suffering unjustly, should any man suffer a punishment that cannot be repaid on purely circumstantial evidence?

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PAROLE SAID BEST SYSTEM

London, Ont — Prisons have not yet proved effective in the rehabilitation of prisoners, a director of the John Howard Society of Ontario said.

A.M. Kirkpatrick, formerly of Windsor told police that "it is not right morally or economically to put men behind bars and hope they will return as sound citizens".

He emphasized that "parole is the most satisfactory way of releasing men from prisons", and that parolees have the lowest repeater rate of any offenders.

Unless the outlook in the prison system is directed toward re-directing the prisoner, and giving them training and guidance, the punitive measures are not effective.

"Society's protection is limited and purely negative if nothing of a corrective nature is done to help the prisoner", he said.

Mr. Kirkpatrick said it must be recognized that rehabilitation begins at the point of arrest.

He told the police chiefs that every offender was at one time a first offender, and the experience of going to the lockup, the way in which statements are taken by police, and the way evidence is given in court are important factors in whether a man is a first offender only, or becomes a repeater.

He said society also has a great part to play in rehabilitating the offender when he returns from a sentence. He said the burning question in the minds of ex-convicts is, "shall I tell the boss when I get out?"

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OREGON LEGISLATORS APPROVE NEW GOOD TIME LAW.

The 1957 Oregon Legislature approved a new law, reducing prison terms by one-third for good conduct. Since 1952, only one-fourth "good time" has been allowed.

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BETTER WITHOUT

Police work must be realistic says the Peterborough Examiner: "It is not realism, but a cheap and shoddy form of romanticism, to suppose that the police can be on easy terms with crooks, and get information from them in return for "fixes".

"There is no such thing as a oneway deal in police work or anything else. If crooks do favours for the police, the day will quickly come when the police must do favours for crooks—and on that day police authority begins to dwindle."

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JUSTICE IN ACTION

(A Guest Editorial by Pat Ryan in the "Mountain Echoes", Stoney Mountain, Man.)

In October, 1956, two employees of the Brandon Packers were arrested, convicted

and sentenced to four months in Brandon Jail for robbery with violence. Upon their release the company refused to re-employ the men and the union took the problem to arbitration.

The union's stand was that regardless of what a man did on his own time it was no concern of the company and that this robbery was committed by the men on their own time with no detriment to the company. The company took the stand that it was not obligated to hire undesirable employees.

The first arbitration board met on May 9, 1957. It was agreed at that time that the company would have a representative, the union would have one, and that Judge W.J. Lindal would act as chairman of the board. On Monday, May 13 the hearing was resumed. The result of the investigation was that the company was not obligated to rehire either of these men involved in the dispute.

But the case did not end there.

Judge Lindal asked for justice in the case of the one man whose work record, police record and other circumstances showed that he was worth any effort of society to help him rehabilitate himself. The other man involved had shown no indication that he was desirous of becoming a good citizen and an integral part of society.

The judge asked the company to consider rehiring the one individual in the name of justice. He pointed out that it was the duty of society to help those who were willing to help themselves. If society wasn't willing to accept this man back into its shelter then it left the man no alternative but to revert to crime as hunger is the one instinct that knows no reasoning or scruples. The union was requested by the Judge to see that this man was given friendship and faith by his fellow employees instead of ostracism and gossip. In the judge's opinion, he felt that society owes just as great a debt to the man wanting rehabilitation as does the man owes to society.

The man was re-employed. But more important than that, here at last is a man who represents justice pleading for the cause of men who step out into a hostile world and through cruelty and neglect on the part of his brother is often forced back into a life of crime.

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ROUTINE PROCEDURE

An inmate of the Iowa State Penitentiary had been granted a parole. The conditions of

his release, however, required him to post \$150 bond to insure his return transportation to prison if he violated parole conditions. This is ROUTINE procedure when a person is paroled in Iowa. The inmate could have been free — but lack of bond money caused him to languish further in a prison atmosphere. He was finally released — thanks to the generosity of a collection among his fellow inmates.

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IN JEOPARDY OF THE LAW

From time to time, over the past quarter century at least, the charge of illegal detention has been levelled against police as result of holding of an unconvicted person, either on a formally laid charge or "for questioning."

The charge has now been vehemently reiterated by a judge. We trust the charge, and advice, of the magistrate will be heeded, for every citizen stands in jeopardy of the law so long as the practice is allowed to continue.

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Advice of Judge Irene Legarde is that civil action be taken against the police. This would provide a test case, an airing of a procedure which smacks of the secret police tactics of certain European countries, and possibly a general speeding up of the wheels of justice.

The case concerned, typical of many, involves four persons arrested early on a Saturday morning and held incommunicado until their appearance in court the following Tuesday, despite the efforts of their lawyer to get in touch with them.

As the judge stressed, the law on the point seems clear enough. It reads: "A person arrested by a peace officer must be brought before a justice of the peace within 24 hours."

The "for questioning" routine was branded "illegal and ridiculous" by Judge Legarde. He might have added that it implies persecution and flouts the principle that every accused must be considered innocent until proven guilty.

It seems to us that a test case should have been taken years ago, and carried through to the highest tribunal if necessary, in order that the principles of justice which the practice threatens be firmly established.

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Eddyville, Ky. (AP) — Prisoners awaiting release from Eddyville State Penitentiary now spend their last 60 days in "finishing school."

To achieve that end, the prison chaplain

and warden M.W. Thomas have set up weekly lectures on such subjects as world affairs, economics, psychology and religion. Prisoners, also receive vocational training on a limited scale.

"All of our speakers volunteer their services," the chaplain explained. "They're eager to help because... 'A man should not be put into prison, be forgotten and then thrown back in society'."

Each lecturer points out what will be expected of an inmate returning to society and each hits hard at the theme that a man leaving Eddyville owes a lot to the man giving him a job.

Prisoners' reaction to the program — believed to be the first in a state penal institution — has been excellent.

"They're overjoyed to know that someone would think enough of them to stretch out a helping hand," says the chaplain, a Baptist minister, who took over at Eddyville in May, 1952.

One month later a riot broke out and the chaplain spent six hours calmly arguing with 300 prisoners that bloodshed was useless. They

were convinced and surrendered peacefully.

Afterwards, the chaplain began digging for the root of the trouble.

"Many were dissatisfied with the prison conditions, the daily drills, the food. Others had lost hope for the future."

Officials made a number of changes at Eddyville, then "we went to work on those who had lost hope."

Progress was slow, but six months ago the indoctrination program was launched on a semi-monthly basis. Now lectures are held weekly, running several hours.

"Our graduates get no diplomas, but they do get another chance in life."

He feels the nation needs more institutions based on the needs of the inmates.

An Apostle of Peace, the chaplain denies that most prisoner's problems can be solved by physical punishment.

"You shouldn't hit a man on the head with a stick until you have used every ounce of brains he's got."

The Boston Record (June 20, 1957)

EDITORIAL

the cons. (Unless of course he is an individualist, and I've yet to meet one at that age.) He soon learns to think their thoughts, he learns to hate screws, cops, and everything else that stands for authority.

You sent him here to learn a trade, but what about these other things he is learning? Are these also classed as something that will be of use to him upon his release?

All these things must be taken into consideration before sentencing a youth to a penitentiary. Prison should be the very last and

Continued from page 4

ultimate decision in dealing with these youngsters.

Surely there must be people out there who are willing to employ a youth and teach him a trade. Bring these people forward and start the teen-agers out there — not here, start giving them consideration — not time!

Our prisons are full now, and until we stop sending children to jail they will remain full! It's up to each and every one of us to take an interest in this problem and work together for a solution.

Continued from page 15

we'll have a big cry on each others shoulders. There is a saying which goes, "laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and the world laughs at you."

Shoot or hang me but I just got to mention the weather. It's all mixed up. Been raining on week-days instead of week-ends. Got three days off work last week, just kept pouring down. Those cells are murder on rainy days. Got a message for the Shadow. "If it's one at the top, can it be two at the bottom? That's a curve sign, nobody on the road, just me." End of message. End of kolumn. Next month the koller.

KOLE'S KORNER

Tried to explain why he couldn't have his goodies sent in. Didn't do a very good job of it. He asked me how I spent all these Christmas's in prison. Just another day to the korner. "But don't you order a food parcel", he asked. Done a good job of explaining this. Can only buy a standard parcel and the korner didn't like three-quarters of the stuff. Too bad the citizens couldn't make up their own list of goodies. Would be appreciated. Ended up by telling the kid the korner was almost broke. Wanted to know if he could buy me one. It's not permitted, but tell you what, if you come down to see the korner on Xmas

Comments on the personal-experience story, written by Miss Jean Beattie, entitled 'I Made Friends with My Burglar', and appearing in MacLean's Magazine

Aug. 31, 1957.

By Bobbie Peeler.

About a year ago, the apartment of Miss Jean Beattie, a young attractive advertising woman of Toronto, was burglarized by a sixteen-year-old boy — a burglary which culminated Miss Beattie being struck viciously on the head with a heavy book-end.

Read from a police blotter, this crime would invoke such terse comments as "He should get his backside paddled." Hurling into the teeth of readers of the "crimson" headlines, it would arouse indignation — even fury. "A typical young punk!" In this case, the criminal is unquestionably young — probably even younger than his sixteen years; and he is a "punk". Excuses such as "He was scared" or "He panicked" may be used to weneer, if not entirely justify his act, but viciousness, nevertheless, remains the stamp of the degenerate.

But this boy, termed incorrigible by the police and by his lawyer of a previous court appearance, is much, much luckier than most other "typical young punks." He has a champion, and his champion is, amazingly, Miss Beattie.

Miss Beattie was scared, robbed and cruelly hurt — she might, quite easily, have been killed — but, in spite of this she has decided that she must help the boy, that she will try to give him understanding, the lack of which, she is convinced, and asserts, is one of the primary causes of his moral disintegration. Cynics might contend that Miss Beattie is traumatic (bearing in mind the blow she suffered) and even the man-in-the-street might well move his head slowly from side to side and remark that Miss Beattie is naive or (horrors of horrors) a romantic. Whatever their thoughts on the matter, be they cynical, ridiculing or, worst of all, apathetic, the boy who broke into Miss Beattie's home is very fortunate. He is, unlike his many counterparts, being afforded what might be, in this case, the life-savings, moral-uplifting influence of a sincere, enlightened and remarkably unprejudiced person. He should be, and con-

ceivably is, grateful from the depths of his soul.

Miss Beattie, investigating the circumstances leading up to the crime perpetrated on her, found that her attacker had been convicted on two previous occasions for car theft, had spent time in Brampton Training Centre, and was presently on probation. A year previously the boy's father had died after an illness of over eight years but, as Miss Beattie said "... there is nothing so poignant about David's story that everything may be forgiven him on the basis of human tragedy. Money was not abundant, but it was not desperately scarce either". Miss Beattie was alarmed at the speed with which he was being condemned, and persuaded the lawyer who had appeared in court previously on the boy's behalf, to represent him again. She also arranged a remand for the boy to be examined by prison psychiatrists. They returned the verdict that he was "sane". In other words, he was capable of knowing right from wrong, and responsible for his actions. By law, this was all they were required to find. They were not expected to be concerned with the emotional disturbances which might have led to this crisis in the boy's life. He was sentenced to eight months at Guelph reformatory, a sentence which subsequently was increased to fourteen months for breach of probation.

Up to this time, Miss Beattie had not spoken to the assailant, but she arranged now to see him, to talk to him, at the Don Gaol. She wanted to talk to him. When he was first brought into her presence, Miss Beattie "froze with horror." His appearance recalled that frantic moment when the book-end crashed on her head. Hearing his voice, responding quietly to the prison governor's order to "sit down there", the terror that Miss Beattie felt had evaporated, and she looked up. She saw a tall, thin, pale young man, gazing steadfastly at the floor. Watching the boy, and listening to the governor, who represented authority, "spot-lighting guilt and underlining deficiencies", Miss Beattie felt an affinity conjoined up by thoughts of her schooldays when she had stood, shamefaced, before the authority of pa-

rent or teacher, confronted by her own misdeeds.

A conjecture that the whole of the events subsequent to the attack upon Miss Beattie were the result of this affinity between one who was being subjected to the ordeal of being spotlighted by notoriety, scorned, ridiculed and harassed, and one who was still sensitive to memories of much lesser, but parallel tribulations in her own schooldays, might be hazarded. A good memory is essential to understanding, and Miss Beattie seems blessed with this. It is not very difficult to break through the affected stoicism of the young criminal if one has the ability (and courage) to forgo the "holier-than-thou" attitude, draw upon the wells of the memory, and apply the salve of sympathy to the singing probe of questions, the answers to which are commented down under the weight of suspicion, doubt and fear.

Miss Beattie has corresponded regularly with the boy for the past eight months and, through his letter, has grown to know him, his needs and dislikes, his fears and frustrations. His reaction, when on one occasion a letter from Miss Beattie was not forthcoming, illustrated the dependence which the lad now places on her. He was anxious to know if he had said or done something to make Miss Beattie "mad".

Many inmates in penitentiaries, and nearly all the teen-agers in reformatories have inadequacies. One in particular is a supreme lack of self-confidence. Perhaps Miss Beattie would be surprised at the number of men leaving here who are dead-scared of the "outside" and having to face the cold reception that awaits them. This lack of confidence in themselves causes them to look around for a leader — someone whose personality is stronger than their own, whose advice they can accept and whose actions and behaviour they can emulate. In prisons and reformatories it is the "wheels", the "hard-rocks" who sway and influence them. The inmate who defies authority and graduates to the position of "minor

wheels", and the one who assaults an officer and joins the hierarchy of the "big-wheels"—these are the characters who influence the weak willed and the lost.

Miss Beattie has assumed a very grave responsibility. She is endeavouring to fill the essential gap in the boy's deficiencies. She is now his hope of a better, fuller life. He probably hero-worships her, and this is perfectly normal and healthy state of affairs. The boy's character is diabetic, and Miss Beattie supplies the insulin, but whereas insulin has to be administered indefinitely, the chances are that her treatments will so strengthen and encourage the normal growth of her protegee' that he will, sooner or later, become sturdy enough to withstand the blasts of a stormy world.

Miss Beattie is a courageous woman and she will have to call upon that courage, time and time again, when the young man has been released from prison, not only to repel the sneers of those who think that bigger and better prisons are the answers to the problem of the young thugs, but also to avoid despair if and when she sees the boy collapse under what, to a normal person, would be a trivial rebuff or setback. Just as so many coloured people expect, and look for colour discrimination where none exists, so do many ex-inmates look for social ostracism when, in reality, society may not be aware of their existence.

Miss Beattie must expect for some time to be leaned upon, to be father, mother and friend to the boy but, she can anticipate a great reward if her ideals are not shattered. She could see created from the jetsam of society a man who can walk with a straight back, who can laugh and sing. A father who can through experience, guide his children along a path free from the booby-traps of crime. Miss Beattie's fight will be closely watched from many walled-in worlds anxiously, hopefully, and prayerfully. Perhaps the good fortune which has smiled upon "David" might reflect some of its rays on one of us.
..God bless you, Miss Jeanne Beattie.

** ————— ** ** ————— ** ** ————— **

Believe nothing because you have been told it, or because it is traditional or because you yourself have imagined it. Do not believe what your teacher tells you merely out of respect for the teacher. But whatsoever, after due examination and analysis, you find to be conducive to the good, the benefit, the welfare of all being — that doctrine believe and cling to and take it as your guide.

—Gautama

RADIO RAMBLINGS

"Gib"

A Prison Portrait

A Feather

by Bill

Prisoners are like ships, away at sea
You know not where they come, nor what
they may be,
But when they pass, beyond the grey stone
wall,
They leave impressions, to one and all.

The heat was on. Everywhere I looked there were screws. I turned to my partner and asked, "What goes? Looks like a frisk." "Hell", he exclaimed, "you'll get used to it. That's four in the last month. Never mind them, let's get going on the other thing. You work in here for a while and you'll get the job you want. The screws in here are OK, but don't take any chances."

"I won't slip," I replied, "but how long do I have to work on this machine. It's murder." "What are you kicking about?" he asked, "didn't the judge tell you about learning a trade here, well, maybe this is your big chance." At this we both broke out laughing.

What a trade — washing dishes, metal ones at that. I had just moved in the prison kitchen — my goal — a soft job. Now I was running a dish-washing machine.

A few hours later, I sat down to dinner with my two working companions, Dave and Pat. Dave, a soft-hearted talkative kid. I put him down as one to stay away from, all mouth, no brains. Pat, quiet to the point of grimness, did everything in a hurry. He was tough, a smouldering fire. We finished our dinner. Dave, leaning back lighting a cigarette spoke, "Think you'll stick it out in here, Bill?" "I don't know yet," I replied, "what about you, Pat?" "I came in here to learn butchering, and what am I doing, washing these damn dishes," said Pat. "But somebody has to do it," Dave spoke up. "Somebody, hell", exclaimed Pat, biting his words this time, "Sure somebody — somebody else not me."

I could see he was getting hot. At this point a welcome interruption came. Dave, glancing up, said, "Hello, Jackie." No one else spoke. I looked up and took in our visitor, a good looking young kid with clear features and blonde hair.

"Say are you Bill?" he asked me. I nodded. "I suppose you'll be getting a wheel's job, like your partner. Where are you going to work," he said. "Well, kid," I replied, "I'm going to spend my bit scrubbing dirty trays — they might give me a medal for long service. The boys must be served, you know." This I said in a joking maner. Nobody laughed. Something was wrong. I looked around at some of the men close by. No one was talking, just watching.

Pat broke the silence, "why don't you stay over on your own side of the kitchen, we don't want you over here," he said. The kid only laughed. "See you around," he said as he strolled away.

To me, that was a mistake. In prison, any argument in front of a group should be straightened out before either man leaves. I sat back and listened, knowing what was coming. It wasn't disappointing.

"That dirty little b----," Pat said, in a heated maner, "Stool pigeon son-of-a-b----" another inmate piped in. They took the kid apart, calling him everything in the book mixed in with threats and warnings. Even Dave took part. "If you guys are so sure, and hate him that much, why don't you straighten him out," I put in. "He's got protection, that's why," said Dave, "the Weasel does his muscle work for him. You know the Weasel." "Sure," I said, "Pretty solid guy. Don't think he'd back the kid up if he was no good." "Oh, the Weasel's solid, but Jackie's a rat," replied Dave.

Not wishing to carry it any further, I remained silent. Later I got some of the story from my partner. Jackie had been working in the kitchen a little over a year. A few months previous he had joined a group to manufacture some home-brew. Shortly after the brew was laid down, Jackie was caught with some

contraband and sentenced to 5 days in the 'hole'. Two days later the brew was scooped. The group found themselves out of a job—being kicked out of the kitchen. On the third day, Jackie came back into the kitchen, his sentence cut. Rumors began to fly. Strange things began to happen. Regular searches were being made, but stranger still was the fact that Jackie seemed immune to the searches. When confronted with this evidence.... called a stool-pigeon...he pleaded his innocence. It was not enough and he was beaten,—a bloody nose and two teeth knocked out. From that time on he was given the silent treatment. It was here that the Weasel entered the picture. He was a tough guy, his face battered by many fights. He showed little emotion at the looks of scorn he received for associating with Jackie. For himself he believed in the code 'never squeal', but he maintained Jackie's innocence. Soon they were partners. Then the pressure began to mount.

A few months later I was approached by the Weasel. "How's things going" he asked. "Just waiting things out", I answered, wondering what he wanted. "Do me a favour, Jackie wants to talk to you, how about seeing him. You know you can help the kid. How about it" he said. "I don't know what your talking about. I'm doing my own time and I don't want to mix in anybody's troubles" I answered. Despite all his explanations, his pleas that Jackie was a victim of circumstances and that I could straighten things out. I still refused to see Jackie. As I watched the Weasel walk away, I wondered how long it would be — Oh! to hell with him, he's no friend of mine.

Things kept getting worse for Jackie, his friends outside the kitchen began to avoid him. Some of Weasel's friends gave him the cold shoulders. It was interesting just to see who would break first.

Shortly after this I got the break I wanted, a job in the kitchen stores. A few days later, sitting in the stores office I heard the door open, glancing up I took in my visitor — Jackie. "What do you want?" I asked. The kid really looked beat. "I got to talk to you Bill" he said. "Why" I replied. "You and Win (my partner) are the only one's who haven't taken sides" he said, here his voice began to quiver as he went on. "I got to talk to somebody. I'll go nuts — please believe me, I'm not a stool pigeon. I never fingered anyone. What am I going to do, I can't stand it anymore." "Look Jackie", I said, "I don't know what you want but I can't help you. I don't

care what you are, but stay out of here, so get going!" I was beginning to feel sorry for the kid.

That afternoon I had another visitor, the Weasel. He stood at the door. "I didn't think you'd have the heart to turn that kid down", he said, "he needs help." "So does a lot of people, but I'm no doctor" I snapped, "and while we are on the subject, let me tell you a few things. There's an old saying 'birds of a feather, flock together'; that will be you. They'll be calling you 'rat' instead of 'Weasel'." At this he turned red in the face, snarled an oath at me, slammed the door and walked away.

The following Sunday, walking out to the exercise yard, I was approached by Jimmy, the 'Weasel's' partner, veteran of many bits in prison. He was the leader of a prison clique. "Hello, Bill" he said. "the Weasel was telling me about the talk you had. I don't know what I'm going to do about him. He's acting strange; one minute he's telling me what a great guy Jackie is, the next he's cursing him for turning his friends against him. Think things will work out?" "No, I don't" I answered, "There's trouble coming." We talked for a while then I continued on my way to the yard.

Meeting my partner, we both settled down to watch a ball game. My partner nudged me and pointed. Standing over by the wall was Jackie, the Weasel and Jimmy with some of his clique. A short distance from them stood a large group, silently watching the smaller group. The Weasel moved first; walking over to the group he spoke to George and Harry, a pair of hot-headed gunmen. Without answering both turned their back on him. The group bunched up more. The Weasel walked back, started talking to Jimmy, making a lot of gestures. One of the group pointed to Jimmy started towards him. Jimmy came half-way; the two talked for a few minutes: Jimmy turned and motioned to his clique. They left leaving Jackie and the Weasel standing against the wall. Jimmy stood watching the Weasel for a few minutes, then shaking his head, he turned and walked away followed by his men.

Standing against the high grey wall, his fists bunched tightly, the Weasel was ready to take on all comers. I had admire the guy, his loyalty in taking the kid's part. Jackie was standing with his back to the wall: he was scared. The group stood talking it over, finally they started to move in the opposite direc-

tion. I guessed the time was not ripe.

Monday morning, I settled down to work. "Will you come over and weigh some sugar up for me," my partner said as he entered the office. "got an errand to do, be back in about 20 minutes."

A few minutes later, while weighing the sugar, I remembered leaving the office door open. I went over and closed it. Finishing up, I noticed one can was missing. After counting them over to make sure, I started looking for it; finding it empty in the bake shop. While picking it up, I looked around and saw Jackie. He stared at me for a moment, and I noticed he had two black eyes. He laughed and turned away.

Getting back to the Stores, my partner had returned. I asked him if anyone had been around when he left. "Only the kid, Jackie, he was outside the door", he said. That cinched it, Jackie had stolen the sugar.

A couple of days later we had another frisk. I watched this one, the first place visited was Jackie's corner. They moved a few bags of

flour and found a brew and some contraband. Jackie was scooped and taken to the hole. As he left, I heard the Weasel's voice saying; "How does it feel, getting a taste of your own medicine, you little b-----."

Jackie went to work in the mail-bag shop, and soon got into trouble there. He eventually landed in the psychiatric ward.

Weeks later, as I sat working in the store's office, my partner entered. "Got some solid news about the Weasel," he said. I sat and listened to the story amazed. The reason why the first group got 'knocked-off' was because they were overheard talking. Since then, periodic searches were made. The last one was a 'finger-job'.

The Weasel had begged to get back in the clique... the price of admission being Jackie's black eyes. But this was not enough; the group had made up a brew, planted it in Jackie's corner, told the Weasel to give the kid a taste of his own medicine. The Weasel; desperate as he was, obeyed.

I wondered who stole my sugar.



We of the C.B. Diamond wish to salute the firm of McIntosh and Wetheridge, Crown Life Insurance Co. Representatives at 847 Princess St. Kingston Ont.

Every season, this firm and Crown Life provides us with pocket-size schedules to match the sport season, be it Baseball, Football or Hockey.

We sincerely thank Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Wetheridge for their kind thoughts and consideration.



RADIO RAMBLINGS

have a community -service program on their respective stations "Helping Hand" and "Call For Help". We hope that they are still operating and receiving support from all. There were a few 'numbskulls' who tried to ruin it.

Now that Fall programs are returning to the air-waves, we are getting a better variety of programs. As mentioned before, we have no T.V. sets, but we do get the sounds piped through, which is next best, I presume. We are glad to have Jack Benny, Burns & Allen, Perry Como, back. It is good to hear them again and a laugh does relieve a lot of tension. Of course, Phil Silvers has always been our

Continued from page 22

favourite Sunday night program, and we often wonder why he doesn't end up in here the way he muscles the money from others.

We enjoyed hearing the \$64,000 Question, when the program switched to the Atomic Plant at Oak Ridge, and a roar went up from all when the 18-year old young lady calculated correctly and we heard the "bang". We were sorry to hear she missed the next week, but she turned out a champion to everyone.

As we go to press, "Diane" is No 1 on the Canadian Hit Parade, and "Tammy" is No. 1 on the Kingston H.P., and with this we say Thirty and out.

IS IT NEWS OR \$\$\$\$?



How much of the odorous trash foisted on the general public can honestly be called 'NEWS'? Banner headlines in leading newspapers, "Mad Bomber Strikes Again"; "Mr. X' Freed For Lack Of Evidence"; "Lover's Lane Claims Another Victim"; "Confidential Scandals"; Is this garbage really news?

Stop at a news-stand or magazine shop. All manner of catching titles and "Sexy" Magazine Covers. No matter to the publisher that the story and cover do not jibe. He is quite aware that once stopped you are apt to buy even though it is not what caught your eye that you take home. You do take something, usually. That is the publisher's explanation of the half-clad nudes or sensational headlines, good high pressure selling; a necessity in the world of modern salesmanship.

What I'm getting at is how much does this stuff affect "teen-agers"? How much of it motivates and inspires the many crackpots and mentally disturbed. One cannot say that it does not explain the continent wide rash of phony bombs planted aboard aircraft. The immediate upsurge of a particular sort of crime following nation-wide publicity of the type. Who but Mr. X is really interested, or benefits, by the fact he was freed for lack of evidence? If Mr. X is a notorious hoodlum, he has an unknown 'fan club' of misguided teen-agers. These parasites usually do have such a following, the number depending on said hoodlum's wealth and notoriety.

Free, notorious publicity passed on as news which leads budding "bad boys" to say "didn't I tell ya, Johnny beat the rap again." Who benefits from this type of salesmanship? I do not wish to imply all youngsters are running around idolizing such scum, but it is a fact they have some influence unknown to themselves, leading to many a young boy's first criminal conviction. The same applies to much of the other trash labeled "NEWS". It does have a bearing on the behaviour of youth, much more than even the youngsters themselves are aware of and if so, unwilling to admit for fear the inspirational source or publicity medium may be turned down.

Secretly, there is nothing the budding bad

boy admires more than photos and stories about himself in the newspapers. How much more effective it would be to ignore him completely; how disappointing it would be to have no "headlines" to show the gang. To totally ignore him — who do they think they are — don't they know who he is? The more notorious publicity budding young hoodlums receive, the more notorious will be their next escapade. Contrary to popular belief, they relish this sort of publicity; they live on it up to a certain age and mental group. They are somewhat ashamed only in the presence of the parents who must endure much more blame than is actually theirs. The parents contribute by readily purchasing the raggy newspaper that directly contributes a great deal to juvenile delinquency.

What benefit is obtained from studiously and minutely describing the conviction of a foolish youth, other than contributing to the coffers of the rag sheet in question?

"Detective Story" magazines and the pulp-paper type are even worse contributors. They print minute details of crimes, committed as much as one hundred years ago. When they don't publish a fabrication from whole cloth, that is. To be accurate, they must publish how the crime was actually carried out. They design covers carefully calculated to be arresting, no need to describe I'm sure.

It is a fact, much of this trash is regarded as fact by many youngsters not old enough to know better. Youths in tender years, who make an early beginning to prison life.

There are many pros and cons, that can be put forward, but the writer staunchly maintains that in the final tally, that sort of writing, and the commercial houses sustaining it, contribute a great deal more to the moral dissolution both adult and juvenile than present sketchy investigation has revealed. Unfortunately, commercializing on the gullible public by "sexy" selling seems to be coming more and more accepted. So much so, other nations are beginning to snicker.

To wonder if we are really men, "Sexy" cars, yet.

*Star-Studded Cast Inaugurates at Opening of
Re-vamped C.B.P. Auditorium*



band came back with "I Never Knew" and Joan again got a big ovation when she sang "White Sport Coat" and "Sentimental Journey", but the boys wanted more and like all good hubbies Buddy came to the rescue because the warmth was terrific on that stage.

Next on the program was an orchestral medley of "True Love" and "Around The World", that really went over big. Wayne Rennie's Group then accompanied him in his singing of his own composition "Foolish Bride" and "Why Baby Why", which were well received.

As the show was drawing to a close, Buddy brought Mr. Snowdon to the mike with great news that he would have Cuth Knowlton and his band back again on October 27th. . . and this was welcome news.

The show came to an end with the orchestra playing "Popina" and Wayne Rennie's "Crazy Arms", ending with a drum solo by Cuth.

When it was over, a happy group of boys trudged their happy way back to their homes and their memories of a great show, and a great, grand bunch of entertainers.

Cuth Knowlton is perhaps one of the better-known and better-class bands for miles around, and his name has been associated with orchestras for many, many years. We sincerely wish him still future success and would certainly say if you want a good band, get Cuth Knowlton and his "band with the forward sound". We look forward to October 27th, and hope to see much more of him. And if you're buying a Ford or Edsel see Cuth.

"Buddy" Guilfoyle is no stranger to Kingston, Ottawa, or eastern Ontario. He is without a doubt one of the best M.C.'s and radio announcers going. Kingston, and C.K.L.C. are are very fortunate to have such a talented young man around. Buddy has been associated with radio and entertainment for over 17 years now and made his radio-announcing debut in Kingston. From this he went to C.K.O.Y. in Ottawa, where he stayed for 3½ years, and was a very popular gentleman around that station and the Capital City, as well as every locality within listening distance. While in Ottawa Buddy was also associated in newspaper work before returning to Kingston and C.K.L.C. We hope Buddy can make it on October 27th and any time he can drop around during our future 'live' shows.

Buddy's wife, Joan, is just out of this world, and became a favourite with each and

everyone of us who had the pleasure of attending this show. Joan was introduced to the public, by Buddy, about 8 years ago when she was then Miss Joan Groves, and all we can say is, Buddy made the right move when he married her, because with her gorgeous looks and talent she would have been Hollywood-bound.

Art. Christmas, Sr., became another of our favourites with his antics and his versatility. Very few people can play the piccolo by their nose, either, but Art, Sr. proved a master of this unique method. In May, Art and his family returned to Canada after spending 20 years in the "Old Country" and we were pleased to have him with us, and all we can say is, "Man you're great, and a credit to a great band". Come back again, Art. Art Jr. was terrific on his trumpet. Although only 12-years old, he has been playing about 2 years and already he is a master at the swing. We wish him all the very best and hope he follows "Pop" in his versatility.

Baritone 'Bud' Smith is a top-class vocalist in our books. He has a touch of Pat Boone, Guy Mitchell and Bud Smith. . . all told making him great. We hope you'll be back again, Bud.

Leo Lamoreux is the last of the originals with Cuth's band, and his saxophone playing is first-class. Next time, Leo, we want a solo, and be prepared for a big ovation

"Chuck" Clark is an asset to any band and his comedy was well enjoyed. He can handle that bass, sing and is a top all-round entertainer. We hope to see more of him also.

Trumpeter Mac MacVeigh received a lusty ovation when Buddy introduced him as the manager of a local store, with cries of "samples, samples", but that's not all. We could hear Mac's trumpet in there pitching and know he is tops. We were sorry that daughter Barbara was stage-struck but hope next time she will be able to sing for us. We will enjoy it, I'm sure.

Jimmy Rennie, the pianist, was a busy man, and further proof that music-lovers are frequent in families, Jim played the bass in his son's (Wayne) western band as well. The Rennies were well-represented and well-enjoyed all afternoon. Speaking of Wayne and his Western Group, we all feel they have top talent and make a fine western-music band. We wish them every success in the world.

Guitarist Bill McEwen, is well-known in these parts and we are glad to see him con-

nected with a fine band. Bill was around here for quite a while but went to Brockville for two years, and on his return to Kingston came back to take a vital part in the Cuth Knowlton Orchestra.

We, the inmates want to thank you all—Buddy, Joan, Cuth and everyone for coming out and making this show the splendored affair that it was. We shall remember Sunday, September 22, 1957, for a long, long time.

One person, Mr. Fred Bendall, deserves a lot of credit, and though many of us do not realize it, he is the gentleman who provides the spot-lights, and equipment so necessary during our concerts. Fred is the first man here in the morning setting up his equipment. He is first here before the show, to make sure everything is in order, and is the last person to leave, taking down and packing his equipment. Although he remains in the background, we still think he's a gentleman for doing this, and a big bouquet goes to Mr. Fred Bendall of Avenue Road in Kingston.

Thanks are also due the Committee of Red Snider, "Robbie" Robinson and "Joe" Lowery for making this possible. Theirs was no easy task, but they came through and all went well. No show would be complete without the colour setting and lighting effects and two fellows who were working hard all after-

noon were Donnie Antone and "Blackie" Laramee. And to ensure that there would be no mix-up in the new electrical apparatus, Electrical Instructor Neil Sommerville donated his afternoon to supervise its functioning.

Due to unforeseen circumstances a make-shift curtain was installed on Saturday thanks to Mr. Fred Sparkes, Tailor Instructor, and Bernie Burnstead and Normie McLean helped make this "new look" complete on the stage setting.

Joe Lotharp was the boy who did the carpentry work in the re-vamping of the Aud. Looks good, doesn't it fellows. Well, Joe's the boy to heap your thanks on for that.

Special thanks are due to Deputy Warden Field. 'Though many do not realize his main interest is in seeing that we are as happy as possible, his untiring efforts brough us this fine show. He doesn't ask for bouquets, but he works hard to fill our many needs. Right?

And so it was, September 22nd will go down in C.B.P. history. A day many of us will remember for time to come, and when we hear Buddy in the morning we know when he says "Hi, Fellows, have a good day out there", he means it.

An we mean it too when we say: "THANK YOU ALL".



ROYALTY — HAIL TO OUR QUEEN

grace and will be genuinely appreciated by her people here.

During her reign, if not possible during this visit, we hope that she may be able to spend much greater lengths of time in Canada, so that we may have the influence of her position brought to our shores. It will also be the opportunity for her to learn much about her people who live between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and between the Arctic and the USA. We can all say, "will ye no come back again."

Sh e will leave our shores to visit the United States of America. We have no fear of her welcome there by the sincere thinking men of that nation, as she will again be among her forebearers.

If she should visit the graves of Washington and Lincoln, she would pause, their ghosts would be in good company and she should give them a royal and Queenly salute. I feel sure their blood would mingle with sincerity, as she would bring back the memories and the

Continued from page 12

echoes of the past. How is it even they of Republican nature are more royal than the Royalists? As she leaves to return to her homeland the American people will say to her Majesty—"God speed your return to us, we sincerely hope you enjoyed your visit with us."

There will be a separate colony for her peoples that will not be able to welcome her, but loyalty and love will not be wanting, and this will be established in her prisons, especially in this Penitentiary. May her graciousness and social reign come into everybodys heart here in the penitentiary and throughout all nations. We shall not be able to see her televised, but we shall hear her through the medium of the radio. There will be many a tear shed for joy in many loyal hearts, we who proclaim you Queen, and friend of our Canada, and it will be enriched of course, in our memory if it means time offered to us.

God Save the Queen....

Reelin' & Dealin'

with Bill & Rick

Goodbye cruel jail, hello cruel world. You guessed it kids. By the time you readers have passed your tired old orbs over this bit of drival I, I being Wm. Robert Huddlestone will have been giving the world a break for a few weeks. I have arranged to be picked up by car at the front door, as I know if I arrived in T.O. by train there would, beyond any and all doubt, be mobs of girls screaming and fighting to get a glimpse of me, fighting for autographs. The noise of the street will be drowned by the thousands of sighs of ecstasy as I parade my 6ft. of beauty up the carpet formed by the women throwing their furs at my feet, to a waiting Caddy! No thanks, none of that for me, they have waited this long, now they will have to hunt me down. I don't want them to think I'm throwing myself at them, the lucky fools. (*Eds note: The only girls dat will waitin' for dis guy are the ones he owes money to. And it won't be furs dey will trow at him,—Bills-BillsBills!*)

All jokes aside kiddies, I do want to say so-long to all of you, you being the readers of R. & D. All three of you. I have had a lot of fun helping RICK with these little cut-ups. And I hope you have enjoyed them. Most of it was written to the guys here and in other buckets, but I am happy to say R.& D. will live on after I'm gone. RICK WINDSOR, my other half, will beat the wheel, and as usual, will be doing a damn fine job.

To all you guys on the PENAL PRESS, we say adios and keep up the good work. Bye to RUTH and MUGGS, to K.P., P.A., STONY and DORCHESTER.

To my old pal solid NICK, all I can say is thanks and hope to see you soon... This has been a rough fin, but I've yet to see one that was any good!!

WILLIE CLUN was bitten by a spider, at least thats his story. Thanks for the helping hand RAY RENAUD, old WILLIE never forgets a favour... To my best girl who

claims she reads this column, it wont be long MOM... .

If the two midgets stick together they should coast through this bit... Are the out-houses at the QUARY ever cute. Green with red trim yet. PINKY BOROWSKI was chosen soccer player of the month. On Sept. 29th. he scored the 1st. goal of the season. Too bad it was in his own net!! The GYPSY learning to be a drummer in his spare time... DOUG KIDDER changed to a fine painter and leaves this month... Big JOHN 'PODGE' RODGERS will be leaving to see the girls again... .

Happy Birthday SONNY, from TOMBSTONE & TOMBSTONE JR. ... BEBEE'S on the mason course, hang on kid and do a good job... BIG BULL is still in command in the laundry with JOE HILL 2nd. in command. We hear this JOE has a bit of trouble with the SOCK BARREL. DON THEISSEN still going strong and keeping many people happy. 'Tis appreciated fellows... BIG JOHN RICE says he is always hungry but aint lost a pound... VINCE is real happy and smoking stogies yet... BILL HARDY still chuckling... Happy Birthday COOLIE.

And with that last word yours truly, the RICK takes time out to end the column. Certainly good-byes for all are included here, but I must say a special one for WILLIE my old buddy. It's been great guy, it's been fun and you will be certainly missed. You are 100% in my books so bye bye, good luck and nice and easy out there. And for AL CORRIE, what else can I say but, 'the greatest' man, go slow AL and good luck.

Short column gang, no excuses but I'm losin' all my buddies and I have the blues. Next month look for 'ROUND & ROUND' with RICK. Till then, take thirty, restup, and be prepared. There ain't nobody nowhere to hold me back, and I'm rarin' to go. Thirty and out gang and I'll dig you then....



The teen-ager wanted to borrow the family car on a very foggy night. "I'm going to take my girl-friend to a drive-in-theatre", he said. "In this fog?" his father exclaimed. "Oh", retorted the son, "we've already seen the movie."



SPEAKING of SPORTS

with Ed King

SOCCER — 1957

The game of soccer with its world-wide flavor may easily be tabbed as the “up-and-coming-on strong” sport.

The first governing body for this sport was organized in 1863 under the title of the London Football Association and devised two sets of rules, one for the game of soccer itself and the other set for Rugby. Since that time, soccer has flourished with great interest in Great Britain and Ireland and expanded to reach the shores of Europe, Asia and America.

Records show that the first game in North America was played in 1869 between college boys from Rutgers, N.J. and Princeton, N.J. and since that time there has been a steady increase of popularity. The sport itself is one branch of endeavour in which there is no language barrier and with only a flat ground, a ball, four goalposts and a minimum of person equipment.

Since 1950, soccer in Canada has grown immensely. 1956 saw many Europeans come to Canada to live, consequently we have more and better soccer players. We, the fans, look forward to the coming season and are expecting to see games which include sportsmanship, ability as well as great entertainment. The players themselves must be as hard and well-conditioned as any other athlete. I used to think that soccer was a slow and delicate game but after a few games (as a spectator) I soon changed my mind.

Officials with knowledge, players with a true desire for the game, and fans professing their interest has made soccer an integral part of sports at Collin's Bay.

And so, Saturday September 7th, saw the

soccer season get off to a flying start here. Four teams were hand-picked, and nine exhibitions were played prior to the start of the regular season. These exhibition games were more or less a familiarity test, between players and officials, and by the looks of things, the forthcoming season will be perhaps the best yet with a good calibre of players taking part.

Here are the officials, players and teams to start off the season.

Joe Jackson has been chosen as Soccer Commissioner, and “Gib” Gibson has been picked as the Official Scorekeeper, Timekeeper, and League Statistician.

The refereeing duties will be handled by Al Corrie, “Buck” Bentley and Doug Olmstead, with Vern Parr, Eddie “Bubbles” Maxim, Switzer and Nevett as Linesmen.

THE TEAMS:

BLACKPOOLS — “Blackie” Laramee, Mgr.

Goal	J. Fox
Defence	Allison
	and Lansing
Half	Windsor
Left Outside	K. Bell
Left Inside	Mavin
Centre	McGregor
Right Outside	Bebbee
Right Inside	Cardinal
Subs:	McCarthy, Johnson, Morton and Rutherford

NEWCASTLES — Ralph Lundrigan, Mgr.

Goal	Palmer
Defence	Martin
	and Borowski

Half	Robinson
Left Outside	McLean
Left Inside	Sullivan
Centre	Clun
Right Outside	Scott
Right Inside	Brooker
Subs:	Pinch, Armstrong, W. Lonsdale and Geroux.

RANGERS

Goal	R. Lonsdale
Defence	Cummings
	and Mahaer
Half	Hickman
Left Outside	G. Bell
Left Inside	Labonte
Centre	Heisel
Right Outside	Kidder
Right Inside	Bob McLaughlin
Subs:	Boulay, Sam McLaughlin Parsons and Bullock

ARSENALS

Goal	Bedard
Defence	Simpson
	and Huddlestone
Half	McKay
Left Outside	McIsaac
Left Inside	Govia
Centre	Antone
Right Outside	Best
Right Inside	Ray Lepine
Subs:	Haska, Winfield.

In addition 13 players have been placed in a player's pool and throughout the season exchanges will undoubtedly be made when replacements are required or the teams have to cut their status to 12 players.

On Saturday, September 7th, there were two games played. The results being Arsenal's 4, Blackpool's 3, and Rangers 5, Newcastle's 3.

In the first game Bobby Scott opened the scoring at the 4:00 mark after taking a pass from Gerry Bell, and twenty seconds later Gerry Bell made it 2-0 for the Arsenal's (unassisted). The game was up and down the field many times and at the 20:58 mark Gerry Bell took a pass from Fred Morton and scored a perfect goal that Willie Huddlestone did not have a chance to save. After the start of the second half the Arsenal's seemed to lose their "pep" and the Blackpool's gained the upper hand. After 13 minutes and twenty five seconds of play in the last half, after many close calls, Donnie McLean capitalized on a

penalty kick to give the Blacks the first goal of the game. But two minutes and forty-five seconds later, Gerry Bell, got his third goal for the Arsenal's on another penalty kick that fooled goal-keeper Johnny Fox completely. At the 48:25 mark of the game Donnie McLean set up Lansing with a nice pass that he lost no time in getting past goalee Willie Huddlestone, to cut down the Arsenal's lead to two goals. With twenty seconds left in the game, Donnie McLean again shot a nice pass to Yee Clun for the last goal of the game and the game ended Arsenal's 4 — Blackpool's 3.

In the second game there were eight goals spread out over the entire 70-minutes of play, with the Rangers getting 5 and the Newcastle's 3. This exhibition game, however, showed Joe Hill's Rangers to be a little more powerful than the rest of the teams, and they dominated the play most of the time. To prove that Manager "Fish-hook" Lundrigan will be missed out there when he leaves in a few days, the 3 Newcastle's' goals were scored when he was on the field. As soon as he returned to the bench the Rangers kept the ball in his end of the field. Bobby McLaughlin opened the scoring for the Rangers at the 12:50 mark in the game unassisted. The first half ended, however, 2-1 for the Newcastle's on two quick goals towards the end of the half, one by Joe Sullivan from Donnie Antone at the 31:50 mark, and an unassisted goal by Ray Govia at the 34:40 mark, just 20 seconds before the first half ended. The second half was only one minute and twenty seconds old when Mavin got an unassisted, well-earned goal for the Rangers. At the 42:40 mark Bobby McLaughlin took a pass from Kolba and put the Rangers ahead 3-2, and two minutes and seven seconds later McLaughlin again turned the tide passing a beauty to Kolba who made sure it counted. At 51:37 McLaughlin got a Penalty Kick and he made it 5-2 and goalee Palmer didn't have a chance on it. McIsaac ended the scoring for the Arsenal's at the 56:42 mark on a nice pass from Don Antone and also this goal was the end of the scoring for the game, Rangers 5 — Newcastle's 3.

On Sunday, September 8th there were also two games played in the afternoon. In the first game, Arsenal's were victorious over the Rangers by a score of 3-0, which was well-played throughout. Fred Morton opened the scoring for Joe Lowery's team at the 19:45 mark of the first half, and for the next eight minutes the play centered around mid-field. Joe Heisel carried the ball with some nice footwork up to the Rangers goal and gave

Gerry Bell a lovely pass that Gerry had no trouble putting between the posts to make it 2-0. At the 31:32 mark of the first half Gordie Allison got a penalty kick when Best did a little rough work, and he made it count for the third Arsenal goal. The last half was much more even with the game going up and down the field, and the teams were left scoreless. However, referee Bentley had a busy time of it and meted out four penalties; letting all know he was not tolerating any rough work.

In the second game, Newcastle were victorious over the Blackpools by a 2-1 score. This was a well-played game. Gerry Bell opened the scoring for the Blackpools at the 36:45 mark, after Jimmy McGregor set him up nicely. This was the result of a rest after a scoreless first half, and the teams started to open up a bit. At the 62:17 mark, Bobby Scott took a Sullivan pass in front of the goal and made it 1-1. Four minutes and 3 seconds later Joe Sullivan, who played a terrific game for the Newcastle, received a pass from 'Big Robbie' Robinson and this ended the scoring with Newcastle winning the game. Final score: Newcastle 2; Blackpools 1. Referee Al Corrie handed out four penalties during the game, 3 to Blackpool and 1 to Newcastle which may have had a slight bearing on the result of the game.

On Saturday, September 14th, the Newcastle and Blackpools again started off, this time the Blackpool shutting out the green-shirts 2-0. However, it was a fairly evenly matched game and it just happened the yellow-shirts got a few breaks. Jimmy McGregor was the first goal-getter at the 31:10 mark of the first half on a pass-out from little George Labonte. The second goal was a beauty, just seven minutes and seventeen seconds after the second half got under way. Windsor took a pass from Donnie McLean and booted it home to end the scoring and a good game, Blackpools 2 — Newcastle no score. Referee Doug Olmstead let it be known that he was not fooling around and handed out 6 penalties during this game, 4 to Blackpool and 2 to Lundrigan's Newcastle.

In the second game, it was Rangers 3, Arsenal 1. This one was inclined to be rough and referee Buck Bentley had the misfortune of handling the game. He had to hand out 11 penalties — 6 to the Arsenal and 5 to the Rangers. It looked as if they were playing their opponents to the ground rather than the ball. Gerry Bell opened the scoring after a scoreless first half, at the 47:45 mark of the

game on a pass-out from Doug Kidder. Hard-working Donnie Antone evened it up for the Arsenal at 52:45 of the game on a nice pass from Joe Lowery. Six minutes and ten seconds later Doug Kidder got a goal with Ivor Hickman assisting and a minute and forty five seconds later Joe Heisel got one unassisted to end the game and the scoring. Final score being: Rangers 3 — Arsenal 1.

On Sunday, September 15th, the morning game saw Arsenal and Newcastle playing to a 3-3 tie. Again referee Bentley took the upper-hand and dished out 11 penalties, plus one match misconduct to Joey Sullivan. Ed Haska opened the scoring for the Arsenal when the game was merely four minutes and fifty-eights seconds old, on a pass from Joe Lowery. At the 15:17 mark the Arsenal went ahead 2-0 on a goal by Donnie Antone assisted by Ray Govia. At 19:42 the Newcastle came to life and Donnie McLean scored on a pass from Joe Sullivan. Four minutes and three seconds later Donnie Antone and Ray Govia teamed up again and made it 3-1 for the Arsenal. It looked like a walk-away for the Arsenal. After six minutes and twelve seconds of the second half Joe Sullivan closed the gap when he made a penalty kick count. Then with one minute and fifty-eight seconds left in the game, Donnie McLean, the old reliable came through to tie it up.

In the afternoon games, Blackpool and Rangers squared off and Blackie Laramee's yellow-shirts were victorious over Joe Hill's red-birds by a 2-1 score. Buck Bentley handled this game and handed out a mere four penalties, plus a match misconduct to Jimmy McGregor for continuous back-talk. Doug Kidder started off the scoring at the 18:11 mark, for the Rangers, but at the 27:13 mark Fred Morton got in on the goal and tied it up. From there on it was nip-and-tuck and for a while it looked as if no one else was going to score. However, at the 52:00 mark Mavin got a corner kick that Johnson managed to get his noggin in the way of and steered it clear of the goal-keeper and in between he and the right goal post, to make it 2-1 for the Blackpools and that is the way it ended.

In the second afternoon game, and the last of the exhibition series, the Newcastle battled to a 1-1 deadlock. Again penalties made a difference in this game, with referee Olmstead handing out eight no less — five to the Arsenal and three to Newcastle. Donnie McLean opened the scoring at the 38:59 mark on a pass from Joe Sullivan, and Haska got the

lone Arsenal goal about the 44:45 mark on a pass from Ray Govia. When the 70-minutes of play was over, everyone was tired out and the 1-1 score was an indication of how evenly matched Joe Lowery's A', and Ralph Lundrigan's N's were. And this wrote finis to the exhibition series.

On Saturday, September 21st, the teams dug in, earnestly, to start of a first-class season, and we hope that it will remain like this for the winter-months.

The first-game saw Blackpools victorious over the Arsenal by a shut-out score of 3-0. The game, although slightly one-sided, was good in that it was clean, and the re-arranged teams were getting accustomed to playing together. Jimmy McGregor was the big gun for the Blackpools scoring two goals for Blackie Laramie's yellow-shirts, one at the 1:00 mark of the game and the other at the 55:53 mark with seven seconds left in the 60-minute game. Mavin was the other goal-getter at the 32:40 mark.

In the second game of the afternoon, it was another shut-out; this time the Rangers being victorious over the Newcastle 2-0. Joe Heisel got the first goal at the 25:57 mark of the first half, and Doug Kidder came through with the second, and last goal, after the second half was two minutes and thirty-three seconds old.

On Sunday, there was only one game played. This in the morning on a very slippery, greasy field. The Rangers and Arsenal battled through mud and water to a 1-1 tie, and when it was over everyone was wet and covered with mud from head to foot. Buck Bentley handed out two penalties; when Joe Lowery and Doug Kidder started pushing each other around, and due to the bad playing-field conditions no one was trying to play dirty but rather were concentrating on keeping away from the puddles that lay in the field. However, once a few did get plastered with mud they went all out to see that the opponent did not keep the ball. Joe Heisel opened the scoring for the Rangers, and Miles Simpson came through to tie the score for the Arsenal and that is how it ended Rangers 1; Arsenal 1.

Thursday September 26th was a bad day for the soccer teams. Royal Amnesty meant a few immediate releases and some thought better of getting into this week-end's play and risk personal injury. However, you couldn't blame them. In addition quite a few have been 'racked-up' and are either convalescing in the

hospitals or viewing the game as spectators.

Saturday, September 28th, showed a state of confusion. In the first game, between Blackpools and Rangers, this was evident. Although Rangers were able to field a team, it was not good enough for Blackie Laramie's yellow-shirts. Hence the Blackpools won an easy 6-0 victory of the remnants of Joey Hill's Rangers. Lansing opened the scoring at the 8:40 mark for the Blackpools and due to the wind being in their favour the Rangers spent the rest of the first half on the offensive. However, as soon as the second-half started the Blackpools went on the move. At the 32:22 mark McGregor converted a Cardinal pass into the second goal. One minute and thirty-two seconds later Mavin connected for the third goal on a pass from Lansing. At 39:36 McIsaac took a pass from Jimmy McGregor and this made it 4-0. At 42:19 Jimmy McGregor got a penalty kick and made it count for the fifth counter, and at 53:01 with six minutes and fifty-nine seconds remaining Rickie Windsor took Lansing's pass and with a beautiful boot made it 6-0 and that was the end of the game.

In the second game, Blackpools were the winners over the Newcastle team by a 2-1 score. This marked the end of Ralph Lundrigan's soccer-games at C.B., as Amnesty puts him on the street soon, and as a grand finale. he got the lone penalty of the game for charging. Gordie Allison scored the first goal at the 20:10 mark, and the second half was only three minutes and fifty seconds old when Mavin took Jimmy McGregor's pass to make it 2-0 for the Blackpools. The Newcastle seemed to get stronger after this and at the 55:43 mark Donnie McLean took a pass from Joe Sullivan and got the lone Newcastle counter. At the end of the last half, the Newcastle were getting the ball a lot but just couldn't get it past the Blackpool's goal posts.

On Sunday, September 29th, there were 3 games played. In the morning set-to, Newcastle defeated the Arsenal by a score of 2-1. In this game, referee Al Corrie handed out three penalties, two to the Newcastle and one to the Arsenal. Donnie Antone took a Miles-Simpson pass at the 2:50 mark of the game and it looked as if the Arsenal were going on the war-path. However, at 13:57 Donnie McLean got a picture goal for the Newcastle and tied the game at 1-1, and made it look so easy. This put life into the Newcastle team and they had the edge on play for the rest of the game. At 50:01 Donnie McLean again came through on a pass from

Bobby Scott, to get the winning goal and this ended the scoring. However, Miles Simpson saved the day on many occasions, in his sensational goal-keeping, and the defensive work of Roy Smith was outstanding, kept the Newcastle from racking up a much higher score

In the afternoon, the Blackpools and Arsenal were battled to the last second but Arsenal were victorious by a 1-0 score. Hard-working Donnie Antone and Joe Houska, playing his initial game of the season, teamed on this lone counter at the 15:46 mark that caught Blackpool goalie, Johnny Fox napping, and Donnie took a pass from Joe at centre field and saw an opening and kicked. Fox was 20 feet out of his goal and the ball bounced in unmolested.

In the second game, Rangers and Newcastle fought to a draw. And I do mean fought. Referee Olmstead handed out seven penalties, four to the Rangers and three to the Newcastle. Ray Govia, making his debut in the red-sweaters got a tainted goal at the 12:40 mark. He kicked from 10-feet out and the Newcastle defenseman, 'Pinky' Borowski accidentally tipped it in, while trying to save the day for the Newcastle. It was a rough break. However, after three minutes and thirty-four seconds of play in the second half Marshall took a McLean pass to tie it up and end the scoring. The final score Rangers 1; Newcastle 1.

The standings at September 29th are:

	GP	W	L	T	Pts
Blackpool	4	3	1	-	6
Rangers	4	3	1	-	6
Newcastle	4	1	2	1	3
Arsenal	4	1	2	1	3

HOCKEY

Ice hockey, by birth and upbringing a Canadian game, is an off-shoot of field hockey. Some historians state that the first ice hickey game was played in Montreal in December, 1879, between two teams composed almost exclusively of McGill University students. But others assert that Kingston, Ont. or Halifax,

N.S. were scenes of earlier hockey games.

In the Montreal game of 1879 there were 15 players on a side, and they used an assortment of crude sticks to keep the puck in motion.

Early rules allowed nine men on a side but the number was reduced to seven in 1886 and finally reduced to six, the standard of today.

The first governing body of the sport was the Amateur Hockey Association of Canada, organized in 1887. In the winter of 1894-5 a group of college students from the United States visited Canada, saw hockey played, became enthused over the game and introduced it as a winter sport when they returned home. This was the start of hockey in the U.S.A.

The first professional league was the International Hockey League that operated, strangely enough, not in Canada but in northern Michigan in 1904-06. Until 1910 professionals and amateurs were allowed to play together on mixed teams. But this ended on the formation of the first big league, the National Hockey Association in eastern Canada in 1910. The National Hockey League replaced the N.H.A. in 1917.

Boston, in 1924, was the first American city to join that circuit. Montreal Canadiens edged Boston Bruins 1-0 in the first professional hockey game played at the Boston Gardens on Nov. 20th. 1928. Boston captured the league title that season and won the Stanley Cup by two straight victories over N.Y. Rangers. The Stanley Cup was competed for by mixed teams from 1894 to 1910, thereafter by professionals.

Believe it or not, but the arena with the largest seating capacity for hockey in North America is located in, of all places, Louisville Ky. Freedom Hall can seat 16,901 for a hockey game. The largest arena in the N.H.L. is Chicago Stadium, which has a seating capacity of 16,666, though the record crowd for a hockey game there is 20,004, thanks to standing room....



Be good, but not too good — a little naughty, but not too naughty. Say a prayer if you feel that way, say "Damn it!" if it gives you consolation. Be kind to the world always, if possible — yet if you must be unkind, smash right and left, get it over and forget it. Smile, always smile, have a smile ready even though sometimes it hurts. Grab all the happiness you can — wherever you can. Don't let even a wee bit slip past you. Live, above all things, live; don't simply exist.

THE PREACHER

NEWS — INTERNATIONAL:

Professor Kuschioski fo the Moscow Medical Research Clinic has made the great discovery that a bum has never developed lung cancer due to smoking.

For a long time it was thought that the type of alcohol consumed by bums was causing them to become immune to lung cancer, but now it has been definitely established that the bums are immune because they smoke other peoples butts.

Professor Kuschioski discovered that a small butt contains practically none of the dangerous tar (and damn little tobacco either) and he predicts that millions of present day smokers will either cease smoking or become common bums.

** ** ** **

TRUE CONFESSION:

For a great many years I was a happy and successful thief in the Moscow vicinity. I specialized in stealing picks, shovels, rubber boots and woolen underwear which I supplied to the numerous women workers. One day I had the pleasure of shipping a carload of hot underwear to our great project in Siberia.

One day, while in the act of stealing a wheelbarrow, it was my misfortune to be apprehended; however, after explaining to the policeman that I was only borrowing the wheelbarrow to carry a load of hot shovels, he not only turned me free — he even helped me load it!

Due to my lugging around so many picks and shovels, my arthritis became unbearable and I then decided to go to Canada. Shortly after arriving in the land of the Maple Leaf, I found that the competition was terrific. There was absolutely no demand at all for picks, shovels, etc. as nearly all the males were too clever to use them and the females spent the day either playing bridge or sipping cocktails.

In Canada they steal everything from T.V. sets to diamond socks and, worse still, there are many thousands of tramps waiting to bum the money from the thieves. Finally, in order

to feed myself and to piece off the parasitic bums, I decided to rob a bank.

After my discharge from Collin's Bay Pen, I intend to return to my mother country — where there are no bums and few thieves.

I would like to add that I am bitterly disappointed and disillusioned with Canada.... a country where all the jails are completely filled up and still thousands of thieves still are at liberty to roam the streets.

** ** ** **

NEWS — LOCAL:

The Wheel:

One day I walked into a bank to change a dime into ten pennies — as I do not like to spend all my money in one place. I stepped up to the cashier and then had some trouble locating the dime — due to a spare bicycle tire I had rolled up in the pocket. Suddenly the cashier said "Don't shoot!" and then pushed more money at me than I thought was in the world. I grabbed the dough, dashed out of the bank, ran into a telephone pole and knocked myself out. Later I woke up in the police station without even the dime or the spare tire.

When I came to Collin's Bay I didn't realize what a head I had on my shoulders but, due to being reminded to wear my cap, soon discovered I had. After this great discovery I decided to become a carpenter but, unfortunately, someone stole my hammer and I was transferred to the masons. I now thought I should become a bricklayer but, on the second day, I dropped one on my foot.

Upon my return from the hospital I made up my mind to be an electrician, but one day I got wired-up on brew and had a short-circuit right into the Warden's Court.

The brass now figured that I might prove to be a capable farmer and so I was placed on the farm gang. Again misfortune trailed me as someone found out there were too many tomatoes growing under my bed. My next step was to learn barbering and, after a couple of weeks, I was giving great brush-cuts, the only trouble was they looked like worn-down scrub brushes. The authorities then decided to give me a trial in the library but, when I couldn't read the book titles, I was fired.

By this time I was terribly discouraged and was the laughing stock of all my fellowmen; fianally, in desperate determination, I decided to become a "wheel". I asked a big "wheel" how to become one and he told me all I had to do was learn about 7 big words, count up to ten, wear pressed shirts and pants and car-

ry a battery of pens and pencils. When I inquired as to what the pens and pencils were for he told me that was in case someone asked me to add 2 and 2.

To-day I am a successful "wheel" and command the respect and admiration of my fellow inmates. While the guards do not stand to attention when addressing me, they do show a vast amount of courtesy.

** ** ** **

My Most Unforgettable Character:

The first time I saw Charles Carpenter I nearly mistook him for a corn-stalk and then I had to look twice to see whether he was coming or going. Here was a man who seemed in a terrific hurry to go somewhere—but only succeeded in going to jail!

Charlie was a person who became addicted to guns at a tender age (he played with Lugers, etc. while still in the cradle) and he developed a keen interest in pointing them at someone. The main reason why Carpenter was hard-headed is because he always slept with two or three revolvers under his pillow.

This character loved guns in the way most men loved women and money, and it is highly unfortunate that his life interest should cause him to land in jail. Here was a man who could have been a vast credit to society providing, of course, that he were placed in the Army of Occupation in Syria or thereabouts. Society has failed to show its proper appreciation for the great potentialities shown by Carpenter.

Let us drink a toast and fire another volley as a salute to Charles Carpenter — a man who was born 500 years too soon!!

** ** ** **

POETRY PAGE:

Collin's Bay is quite a place,
That we must admit,
For you get an education —
While doing a nice big bit.

There are new vocation shops,
With the very finest tools,
You'll see some clever people —
And an awful lot of fools!

The Treatment Board is pretty good,
You sit down in a chair,
Then all the master Brass,
Just gaze at you and stare.

They also have a psychiatrist,
To find what brains you've got,
And if your head is full of holes—
You may as well be shot!

You can start at Kindergarden,
Then learn to read and write,
And with some mathematics —
Can count the sheep all night.

You can become a fine electrician,
Then get all wired for sound,
Or become a master baker —
And pull some dough around.

You can be a master mason,
Laying blocks along the line,
Or become a chicken farmer —
And get your eggs on time.

You can become an expert barber,
Trimming all the squares,
You'll make an extra buck —
Just shaving off the hairs.

You can become a master painter,
If you know green from black,
And if you're an alcoholic —
Try not to drink shellac!

You can even learn to make a brew,
And use a great big tub,
We're sure your friends will like it,
Much better than the rub.

You can become a baseball hero,
And enter the Hall of Fame,
'Cause with your batting average —
You'll put Mantle down in shame.

Your girl friend will adore you,
When you leave this Collin's Bay,
And with your education —
She'll do anything you say!

When you get out of Collin's Bay,
At work you'll sing and hum,
'Cause with your weekly paycheck —
You'll no longer be a bum!

** ** ** **

ARE YOU A BUMOLIC?

If you answer "Yes" to two or more of the following questions you are in great danger of becoming a "bumolic".

1. Do you often shut off the alarm and then roll over?
2. Are you in favour of a 36 hour working week?
3. Do you look forward eagerly to all legal holidays?
4. Are you always hoping the boss will fire you?
5. Do you like to remain on Unemployment Insurance as long as possible?
6. Do you often hope the car breaks down

Continued on page 47



THE TACTLESS TEXAN

Being an amused peruse of the news and other trivia.

The Modern Breed: Inmates at the Bexar County, Texas, County Jail rioted for an hour recently, smashing windows, breaking water pipes *a la* any contemporary rioters... except prior to the felonious festivities they carefully covered up their TV sets with blankets.

** ** *

Portsmouth Ponzi: Over in Portsmouth, England, Alan Haines, fresh from stir, surveyed his lot and concluded he needed more than that \$56 he had in his pocket. Magistrates were told that Haines used the \$56 as a deposit on a motorcycle, then used the cycle as a deposit on a bigger motorcycle, then used that to "buy" a still bigger and better motorcycle. Then he converted to four-wheel vehicles and "bought" a \$1330 automobile using his motorcycle as a deposit. Finally, Haines traded in the car for a bigger new one, receiving \$100 in cash as well.

Confusing? The magistrates scratched their heads too.

** ** *

Fifty-Fifty: On his way to a Cincinnati hospital after a 75-foot plunge from a chimney scaffolding, the man was asked his occupation. "Ex-steeplejack." When he was asked when he decided this, he murmured, "'Bout halfway down."

** ** *

Do-It-Yourself Dragnet: A Harriston, Ontario, couple whose car broke down called police for help. Twelve hours later the man was sentenced to 60 days in jail or \$125 in fines and the woman fined \$20 plus loss of their car to the Crown. He was convicted of having a drivers licence while under suspension of a previous licence and owning a car

while prohibited from having one. She was convicted of having a drivers permit with the wrong address on it.

** ** *

Irony Of The Month: After a Toronto jeweller was slugged and robbed, a female tenant residing above the jewelry store told police, "At first I thought it was Elvis Presley singing on the radio. Then I realized it was a man groaning. . ."

Now comes the question, who has a better case for slander? Elvis Presley for being compared with a semi-conscious robbery victim. . . or vice versa?

** ** *

Biting The Hand: Down at Pitrufquen Penitentiary in Chile the warden and guards are being sued by the convicts for gross neglect of duty. They charge that officials should have prevented a break-in by unidentified outlaws who made off with inmate-owned tools, vaulables and parcel post packages. . . including one roast chicken.

** ** *

Signs Of The Times: In a Washington, D.C., bakery: "Today's Special. . . Cake 66¢. Upside Down Cake 99¢."

In Vancouver, B.C.: "It's better to sit tight than to drive that way."

On a butchershop window in London, England: "We make sausage for Elizabeth II". And on the rival shop across the street: "God Save The Queen."

** ** *

Thought While Shaving: A chip on the shoulder indicates wood higher up.

And the Tactless One's better half writes via pony express recently of a dull day ('nothing to write about, etc.)... had to be content to visit a friend of the family who had been shot in the back. Comforting to hear that things back in the Lone Star State are still as wild and wooly as ever, dear... but how about some details? I know it's probably just another run-of-the-mill shooting-in-the-back but still. . .

** ** *

Middle age is that period in life when everything with a lifetime guarantee begins to wear out.

** ** *

Stealin' & Squealin': Swan songs sung recently by fellow Rangers Chernick, Schepers, Huddlestone, Lundrigan, Simpson, Weatherup. Happy happenstance, youse mugs! The Rube and The Texican still standing by... Add Friends To Collin's Bay: Buddy Guilfoyle, CKLC, for all efforts in behalf of the grey brotherhood hereabouts... ditto Local Musicians Union Sec'y Snowden... .

** ** *

Cow-lypso: Music with the current rage of latin calypso beat to it is being successfully applied to increasing the yield of diary cows over in Oshawa, Ontario. Canadian Farmer magazine reports three extra cans of milk daily as a result. Well, pass the Belafonte and take it from there, Elsie!

** ** *

Fingered By Gloves!: Fingerprints solved 250 crimes in Chelmsford, England, last year even though miscreants took the precaution of wearing gloves. Explained the police report: "Crooks are not always well-dressed and their gloves often have holes."

** ** *

Going In Cycles: Speaking of motorcycles, a man in Nancy, France, admitted to police that he swiped an aggregate of 26 motorcycles.

"Every time I have a fight with my wife," he explained to arresting gendarmes, "I go out and take a motorcycle. It's the only thing that steadies my nerves..."

** ** *

Belgian Congo Diners Club: A Belgian official recently visited an outlying tribe near Leopoldville in the Congo and sensed something not quite right in the air. He quizzed the men and women until finally one man confessed his fears: "The women have formed a special society... each month they get together and eat up one of their husbands."

The wives scoffed at the claim, of course. "Ridiculous!" they snorted. But officials began to piece evidence together. One day the main investigator brought in the head witch doctor. "He will call back the dead," he said, as the old man began to chant.

One of the women became hysterical and confessed.

Marital relations since then have never been quite the same one could rightly surmise. Somehow, something must have gone out of such marriages. In most instances it appears to have been the husbands... fricaseer yet.

** ** *

Hear the one about the tapeworm who went into a music store and asked to see a paper recorder?

** ** *

Happy first birthday, Glenn Lewis Bowen! Bless you, li'l cowboy.

** ** *

And at this point:

The mind goes blank.
Re further wit;
To rend a phrase,
"That's all she writ!"

** ** ** *

An an amenable amnesty to y'all, too!
...TT



If you are blessed enough to know what real love is — love with all your heart and soul. Live your life so that at any hour you will be able to shake hands with yourself and try to accomplish at least one thing worthwhile every day. Then when your nights come you will be able to pull up the covers and say to yourself...

"I have done my very best."

—F. Collins Wildman

Defeated in Their Teens

by Bill Huddlestone

"1957, Canada, Juvenile crime on the increase." This could well be the headlines of any newspaper anywhere in the world, and no one would dispute it's truth.

A few months ago a woman group screamed loud and long because a new building in Galt Training School for Girls so closely resembled a medevil bastille. If nothing else, the fact that a new building was needed shows there is a definite increase in juvenile delinquency.

The fact that this group took it upon themselves to bring this situation before the eye of the public is also proof that the people in these outdated schools are not the only ones who are dissatisfied with them and with their results.

I am at this time in a very good position I feel, to judge the effectiveness of the system used up until a few years ago, and if the truth were known, is no doubt still in use.

The proof of failure of this system lies behind the walls of this and other penitentiaries. I feel quite safe in saying that 50% or more of the men housed in our penitentiaries today, were at one time, in or associated with a Training School.

It is a well known fact that most children in training schools are from broken homes. If they were sent to training schools for crimes it would be safe to say, that over 99% were small, petty, mischevious things that might well have been overlooked or dealt with in a much different manner.

Plucking children from breaking or broken homes and dumping them into a prison of strangers filled with strict and often times unreasonable rules, is in my estimation the fastest way known to turn a child against all that is good. He will follow the rules and to the eye of his keeper he may be a fine lad, but, deep within there is a growing hatred that grows with the years. If by the time the boy reaches his teens he becomes restless and tries to escape the monotonous drudgery of his seemingly useless existence, he is sent to a reformatory as an incorrigible, he is then well on his way to the penitentiary.

No doubt a lot of people will disagree with the above statement. My only defense for these statements are, I refer you to the records. I would love to see the figures if a count

were taken in all types of prisons and mental hospitals all over Canada in regard to how many of their inmates were at one time inmates of a training school. I am sure the public would be shocked at the results.

During my years as a graduate of training schools, reformatories and industrial institutions, including the penitentiary, I have, to put it quite bluntly, been through the mill as far as prison systems are concerned. None of which I have ever seen work to any great extent. I feel the main reason for this failure is, psychology applied by people who do not understand it themselves, they try to think the way these children do in the vain effort of trying to combat the wrong thinking done by the children. They forget however, that these children are also capable of thinking. The result is the children wind up accepting this applied psychology on the outside in order to get along, while underneath the flame of hatred is kindled by the disrespect they hold for their keepers.

If there is any honest effort to be made to stop this useless waste of human life I fear a great many changes must be made. The first is do away with the present set-up, complete and thorough, in place of the keepers have teachers that can teach these children respect for his fellow man and his property, give him an education whereby he can take his rightful place in society, rather than spend his life as an outcast because of a broken home and outdated unworkable reform system. Get rid of the prison type clothes, replace them with the uniform of a military school, a uniform they can be proud to wear. For those who show the ability, have scholarships so they may continue on through school.

They must be taught to live for their country and to be a useful part of it, this can never be as long as we continue on as we have in the past, teaching hatred, unknown amounts of money are literally thrown down the drain each year keeping these schools open. Their main interest, to keep the children until they reach an age where they can be passed on to the next stage of their existence.

If these changes could be made then and only then will these children who through no fault of their own be saved from being "Defeated In Their Teens".

Ye Olde Observer

by Anonymous

Prisoners, like the rest of the world, are dedicated to the pursuit of happiness; in addition they have mastered the art of occasionally catching up with it—for short periods that is. Most prisoners, while not insensitive to the appeal of pending freedom, are aware that a release will not necessarily bring unrelieved bliss. After ten years in various Canadian prisons, I will try to give a short report on some of my observations.

One could not start to write about observations made in prison without first mentioning the keepers. Because they are always with you — like fish on Friday, no matter to what prison you may go. An inmate soon learns that his keepers like things to be orderly. He deals with human beings, but he prefers them to be named, labelled and numbered each in his own compartment and guaranteed to stay there. This may have proved a good way to run a prison, but I feel quite sure I could run a morticians parlor in exactly the same manner. So lets get back to the people in a prison; the inmates.

Some years ago I chanced to meet an old man in a prison yard busy rolling tobacco in paper he was neatly tearing from a bible. When I asked the old man why he was rolling cigarettes in pages ripped from a bible, he said, "Son, when you've done e'nuff time you'll learn that they print bibles on the best darn smokin paper going." When I offered him some real cigarette papers he moved away. Some months later this old gentleman was caught making a cigarette from his bible, and the story goes that he told the warden. "You make me go to church but you get all upset when I inhale the Bible."

Late one night at the same institution it was learned that the horse barn was on fire. Some of the inmates were roused out to fight the fire. By the time the fire fighting equipment was set up, the fire had a good start. A ladder was placed against the wall, and a guard rushed to the top where he could look in through a small opening. The good officer called out from the ladder top to the inmate below: "Throw me up a piece of hose." The inmate promptly took a fire axe, chopped off two feet of hose and threw it up to the officer. The barn burned to the ground.

Once while working in a prison kitchen, an inmate turned up missing. The noon hour meal was about to start when it was discovered that a large pot of rice pudding, and a chap of Chinese origin were both missing. After a short search the inmate was found in an empty cell, the rice pot at his feet; his stomach sticking out like a foot-ball. He said: "Rice'velly good, you lock'ie me up now?"

These tales each have there own vivid bit of humor and heart-break. No observer in jail could help but observe both humour and heart-break. It should no doubt, at this point, be shown, that the humour could stand to be increased, and the heart-break decreased. I will go so far as to say that Parliament should have a good look at our law and it's administration as a whole. Please don't misunderstand me, I do not mean that the law should be examined by a committee that sits for, from five to seven years. Any observer should see why.

On the radio just recently I heard a spokesman for a group of new Canadians assuring the public, that the rise in our prison population is not due to the increase in immigration. And this he said, had been proven by statistics. It is really ironical that people who immigrate to this country are able to observe our out-moded penal system so quickly; and take pains to point out that they are not responsible for it.

Readers of this narrative must content themselves with the bold facts and the consolation that they are true. Now it happens that I live in this solitary living entity, in the unutterable loneliness of a prison. The greater part of my observations must come from the inside. So I ask you of the free world to take the part of the observer. Observe our great vast country, each province spotted with prisons. The great number being locked up each year; and the pitiful small number of paroles and tickets-of-leave granted each year.

From your own observations you can form opinions, and armed with these opinions you can probe for action. Could we on the inside but listen hard enough, we might catch some message of good hope and encouragement from you who have become the observer.

DETOUR SIGN



by E. McCorkell



Have you ever been travelling on a long trip and suddenly run across a detour sign? Well if you have, you know how discouraging it can be. These are a few questions which might enter your mind.

How long will this detour be?

Will you have enough gas?

Is the road very rough?

Will you get stuck?

If you arrive at a wrong answer to any of these questions, you might very well turn around and go back. Isn't that true? If you agree with what I have said so far, you should have no trouble understanding the point I will try and get across in the following paragraph.

A day comes when a man is to be released from this institution, and start on his journey. Of course his journey is the longest one possible, because the destination is a future for himself. So let's take a look at what he has for such a journey and follow him along.

He has a suit of clothes given to him by the Government. He has roughly \$25.00 in his pocket, (if that). He has a train ticket to a certain spot in this province of ours. He may, or may not, have a certificate of qualification in a specific trade which was available to him here. For this trip, we will imagine he has a certificate of qualification. So after arriving at his city or town he proceeds to find himself a cheap room. Then he tries to find himself a job. Now we come to what we might say is the end of the good highway because the

minute the average employer finds out this man is an ex-convict the detour sign is put up in front of him. He may try several different spots a day but let's check the equipment he started on this journey with, and we see he had very little gas (money) so he has to stop and think what lies ahead. I don't think I have to go any further because you can see as well as I can what will happen because this man has to eat and live.

It doesn't matter what his qualifications might be as long as he has the brand of a criminal record he seems to run into detour signs all the way along. Why? Are we supposed to get a man down and put a foot on him? Is that what the Good Lord's Word is? Well, if you agreed with me in the first paragraph you must have admitted it was very discouraging but can it compare with what happens to an ex-inmate on his journey? Can you imagine how he feels? There is nothing more discouraging than to find a detour sign on the road of life, especially when the proper equipment is not available.

If a man like this didn't care about rehabilitating himself he would never have tried for that job in the first place. If people were not so hasty in raising that detour sign there may be a future for many good men.

I am sure that if this article is weighed for what it is worth, there will be many comments and if there is please send them to The Editor, The C.B. "Diamond", Box 190, Kingston, Ont.

The following poem on music, I have written to honour our very sincere friend and organist, Harry Burchall, to whom I most humbly dedicate my meagre efforts.

O' sweet refrain that soothes my souls's desire
Where lies the secret of thy healing hymn?
Couldst not ye be of heaven's mortal Sire,
Who guides my hand and answers every whim?

O' sweet refrain that tears my heart with pain,
Wherein lies the evil of my manly sin,
Couldst not ye pelt its shell with bitter rain,
And goodness of thy love to enter in?

O' sweet refrain that mourns the passing call,
Thy requiems salute escorts my soul,
Through darkness into light I take my all,
While drums Satanic every grumbling roll.

O' sweet refrain that saps each life's abode,
Thy beat pulsates my very hearts true love,
For brothers lost beyond the wayward road,
Whilst high above floats heaven's peaceful dove.

Eugene Ford

'Your Tour of Duty'

Don-Morr.



This was the expression I heard a lecturer use when he was speaking of our period of Durance Vile. This cliché was used to be a variance from the usual jailhouse verbiage. This term struck me as a very unique and fitting description of our banishment from society, to which imprisonment has been the expedient solution.

Many thousands of articles have been written by pseudo 'Experts' on prisons, and records of prisoners, but all seem vague and even misleading with the facts as we convicts met them. Even those most closely involved with inmates, the prison staff themselves only garner a remote and superficial insight into the harmful effect of the regular routine upon the mental, moral and physical health of their charges. High ideals, honour, integrity and evidence of good breeding and culture are as out of place in a prison cell as in any other cage. So many people get the wrong idea that either the primary offender or the recidivist is corrected by imprisonment.

On reading the volumes of law packed into the statutes of the revised Criminal Code of Canada, it must be realized that these laws are going to be infringed upon. This is contemplated and anticipated by the legislature of our ten provinces and the federal government. Further proof lies in the capacity filled prisons throughout Canada. Many groups have made surveys and reports to better conditions, but the 'lock and count' system is the predominant part of the set-up.

Each of us as prisoners can find an excuse for our past actions, and solace ourselves and hide behind self produced ratifications, as alcohol, environment, adventure, ambition, but we must not attempt to condone past action but prepare ourselves to cope with the problems of everyday living. Now since a minimum of ninety-five percent of all prisoners will eventually be released, the earlier in his prison sentence a prisoner can stop thinking of the past, the better. When a prisoner reaches a conscientious decision that he wishes to live within the bounds of natural living which makes up our society and culture. Then he should be released. No matter what stage he

is towards the completion of his given sentence. This point of recognition of your duty toward yourself can be reached in the third or fourth incarceration as well as the first. Further detention after this recognition is reached can only cause a man to become bitter with a feeling of undue persecution. So it is imperative to keep close contact with the individual prisoner so that he may be returned to society at the zenith of his fulfilment of his Tour of Duty towards himself.

So the crux of the entire situation is the individual prisoner. It is the prisoner who must be reclaimed and rejuvenated not the prison. The prisoner should have the benefit of the monies appropriated for correctional purposes. It is the prisoner who must become your husband, your neighbour, your trusted employee, or be returned to society to rob your home, your business, or your automobile.

The uncertainty of this program is the knowing of when the right time is reached, when the prisoner is ready to accept rehabilitation which can only be achieved in competitive civilian society. This may only be attained by providing an aim for each individual, it entails the scientific structure of the complete program of correction and reform. The dispulsion of all practitioners of archaic ennui and myopic policies would be the primary step towards saving millions of dollars. It would at the same time assure positive hope for the reclamation of thousands, who would otherwise continue to be victims to the tenacles of time, and congest prisons faster than they can be built.

The Tour of Duty program must be expounded by re-education in all prisons, as any prisoner, young or old, primary offender or recidivist, is equally likely to forsake visions of past grandeur, and view with realism the future as he should and would like to live it. Incurrigibles must be a terminated category, abolish uncertainties. Perpetuation of failure is wanton and un-democratic and definitely un-Canadian. "Human rights for all men are no broader than those which are guaranteed to the least of men." M.E. Alexander.

THE WRONG WORD

by Bill Huddleston

It has amused me for quite a number of years now, and so much so of late I feel I must attempt in my humble way to draw it to the attention of others, to see if they will not agree that it is the "wrong word".

Being in an institution of this type it is only natural I should take an interest in any writings aimed at or about prisons.

I have read more stories in books, magazines, newspapers and other penal press than I would care to remember, there is however one thing I can and do remember quite clearly. Each writer cries out for a new system, a new way to help a man rehabilitate himself. At this point I should like to say I may be wrong in what I say, but I do feel however, that even if I am it will not harm the badly failing system now in use.

I find the meaning of the word "rehabilitation" is "to restore to a former capacity". This is rather humorous, at least I find it so. Let me explain: A man is arrested, charged

and found guilty then sent to a prison. The reason, he is unfit to be a member of society, (so called). Actually what has happened is this, the man has been taken away from the kind of life he has been accustomed to and placed in prison. During his incarceration he lives a different kind of life, he must, he is forced to change his ways, there are rules and he must obey. As the time nears for his release he realizes he has been subjected to a rehabilitation plan, according to Webster the prison has been restoring this man to a former capacity. They have sent him back to society exactly as he had left. If the job of prison officials is to use a rehabilitation system then their job is being done when a man is sent back into society in his former capacity.

The only word that fits as far as I can see is 'reform', "to make over again." If this type of programme can be instituted, then, and only then will the word so often used be stroked from the penal books, that word is RECIDIVIST.

COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY

In the year of 1930, was built this Collin's Bay,
A place to send law-breakers, for an indefinite stay.
Four-hundred and fifty 'gentlemen' live here all the time,
Not one on a holiday, but as a penalty for crime.
A dismal little prison, of concrete and of steel,
A *so-called* deterrent for those who want to steal.
Dick Lovelace wrote an adage, that many of us have read,
In case you have missed it, in part this is what it said:
"Stone Walls Do Not A Prison Make, Nor Iron Bars A Cage",
The darndest piece of nonsense, ever written on a page.
Now if you don't believe me, just drive out here and see,
COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY, on Highway 33.

"Gib"

THE PENAL PRESS SAYS...

*Thoughts and bits of philosophy and humour penned
by the foremost authorities on prison in the world today — prisoners.*



Peaceful Coexistence Pays Off

(The Ohio Penitentiary News, Col., Ohio)

It's no particular secret that some guys do time the hard way. They make no attempt to get along with rules, officials, fellow-inmates — or even themselves. When such a guy is asked "Why?", the answers vary in content, but all are based on the same basic idea — "So what's in it if I try to behave?"

Up to now, handing such hardheads an answer was a troublesome chore; beyond some pretty feeble sounds about it's easier to do good time than bad, there actually wasn't any answer.

Well, there is now — and it's one worth learning.

A few issues ago we editorialized a piece on the upcoming — but not then concrete—plans to award good behavior with extra visits or free letters. The reaction was good to what we wrote; a healthy flow of queries came from all sides (and — perhaps not too surprisingly — from several of the hardheads.

As of September 1, 1957, all inmates behind the walls will have their conduct records assessed by the Director of Personnel. All men who have maintained a clear court record for six months prior to September 1, 1957 will receive a yellow visiting pass. On this pass the inmate will mark his preference — one extra visit or five free letters. He will specify on the pass the party he wishes to visit, if a visit is what he chooses. This party must be on his approved visiting list. If he specifies that he prefers the five free letters, he need not list on the visiting pass to whom he will write them, but they must be written to someone on his approved mailing list.

There is no time limit set on when the inmate must have his visit or write his letters; the choice of when and whom is left strictly up to him. However, the visit must be made on a regularly scheduled visiting day — Mondays through Fridays. Letters may be written any time at all.

RESPONSIBLE....

(Angolite — Louisiana State Penitentiary)

WHEN A MAN MAKES PAROLE, ESPECIALLY UNDER A LENIENT BOARD, he is not only responsible for his own conduct but the future of many of his fellow convicts rest with him. It is not a light burden as there are many stumbling blocks which must be passed, many in the darkness of indecision and public apathy. We must not underestimate the role that each of us play in the future of the program which is being built in Louisiana. The efforts of some officials here and many forward thinking business men and women, a solid, constructive job placement program is being built in Louisiana for convicts. This is the first time that a concentrated effort has been undertaken and it is succeeding beyond the expectations of those who were responsible for its inception. It is up to those men who are reaping the fruits of this program to see that their fellow convict be given the same opportunity when their time comes to appear before the Parole Board. As long as the percentage of parole violators remains small, and parolees continue to take their freedom seriously, the public will continue to cooperate; let a large number begin to foul-up and all of the gains made to date will be quickly lost. It should be remembered that it took many years to gain these advantages, whereas they can all go down the drain in a couple of days.

SELF-ANALYSIS — A KEY TO SUCCESS

*(The Echo, Texas Dept. of Corrections,
Huntsville, Texas)*

Imprisonment can and does mean many different things to many different people in a myriad walks of life. Upon first reaching the seemingly hopeless impasse of confinement within prison walls, one may be momentarily stunned to the point to well ask himself: "Why am I here?" or "How on earth did this ever happen to me?" A good question — no doubt—and one that many people never seem to be able to solve for themselves. However,

the circumstances surrounding each man's life, which ultimately led to a sentence of penal servitude, are many indeed — and as varied as the shifting winds. Regardless of how or why one has found himself in the unenviable clutches of confinement, it does not necessarily mean that all is entirely lost. One mistake can well tend to serve as a boon in re-evaluating many things in life which were heretofore more or less taken for granted — and hope springs eternal from the hearts of all mankind.

One of the more useful ways in which to utilize part of one's time is to reflect over past activities and take a good self-analysis as to just what kind of person we really are — not only to others — but to oneself. This often brings surprising results, as it is only upon realizing the mistakes that we may have made or cognizance of our sometimes distorted sense of values — that we may thenceforth take steps to improve upon ourselves with the hope of becoming a better person — whether in or out of prison.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

(Weekly Progress — Branch Prison, Marquette, Michigan)

The Leopold Case has now become The Case of every prisoner in the country and, as Nathan Leopold said, he has become a symbol. That symbol is many fold but essentially involved with reform and rehabilitation.

If a man of Nathan Leopold's potential can be used as he is, and there are many Nathan Leopolds in the nation's prisons, then why talk about "Rehabilitation" at all?

Why not admit that prison is a system — a system of gaining revenge, of punishing the malefactor, of keeping him removed from society for so long as the law allows and let it go at that?

Every judicious, experienced prison man knows without argument that Nathan Leopold would never again commit another crime during the rest of his life, just as they know that same thing about many other men now being held in prisons throughout the country. But Nathan Leopold is a symbol, a symbol of a single mistake made in his youth; or a learned mind; of humility and repentance — a symbol of society's vengeance. As such he is beyond the humane, equitable factors of justice. He and all those others who are in similar circumstances.

As has been said so many times in this column: Too often society's crimes against the

law-breakers are far greater than those he committed.

PAST AND PRESENT

(The Forum — Nebraska State Penitentiary)

One of the outstanding characteristics of the successful individual is his attitude of the heart and mind. He enjoys life. He looks for the best in every situation and he finds it. He is able to override the present discouragements because he appeals to the future. He radiates confidence, is friendly toward life, inspires faith. Such an individual is easy to meet. He wears well. He is able to do with comparative ease what others are able to do only with painfully difficulty. His secret is his triumphant and satisfying attitude.

On the other hand, we have the "almosts," who are no less conspicuously characterized by a negative attitude. They are the captives of their own making. After the manner of captives of old, who sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept when they remembered Zion. They are easily disheartened. They are full of foreboding and complaint. They lack confidence, give up easily, and they find excuses which have little or no connection with their situation.

IT COULD BE YOU

(Florida State Prison — Raiford —Florida)

The man said that since he has been in prison his sense of values have changed. Before his arrest and conviction all he had ever thought about was having plenty of money in his pocket, a late-model car, flashy clothes, plenty of jewelry and an expensive apartment. These were what he termed the finer things of life and the only things finer were more of the same.

His world was suddenly shattered when his arrest came. He spent the money on bonds and lawyers. After the cash was gone, he sold his car and his jewelry. When he was finally tried and sentenced he had nothing. He found that many of his so-called friends on the outside had deserted him. In prison it was the same story. The men he had known on the outside ignored him in prison.

He became a lonely man — he began reading and thinking. Not shallow thoughts, but deep, objective thinking. Somewhere along the line he had lost something — or maybe he had failed to find something.

Over the months and years he noticed a change in himself. He began to think of the

things he did when he was a teen-ager. And some of these things, he realized, brought him more pleasure than the things he did during his short life of crime.

He remembered the times he had gone swimming, hunting or fishing. He thought of the weekly bowling get-together, the mountain climbs and the picture-taking excursions.

TIME AND THE MAN

(The Lake Shore Outlook — Michigan City, Indiana)

Turning a convict into an acceptable citizen involves time (sic!) money, and an intelligent program consisting of many facets.

According to competent authorities on the subject the essentials are: trained personnel, directed education, adequate work or employment, recreation facilities, medical care, food, clothing, and last but not least a genuine interest in the fate or welfare of each man.

This much, it will be seen, represents an extraordinary change in the hearts of our friends — The Public. For it is only by consent of the Public that progress or change comes to social institutions. The pulse of the

People is no chimera, but a living force capable of great good in many directions.

We, who have been confined quite a long time, tend to restrict our perspective to the small inner world of self all too often. It may be human nature, so we do it. Yet, in moments of true insight, we have sheepishly confirmed that we know of no ill which the Public aims to create. Its efforts are always bent in a forward direction, however, slowly. In other words, the good for man is the Public's first concern.

Likely a more erudite way of expressing this observation could be found. But we make the point from a scale dependent upon simple sense for clarity. Thirty or more years ago the attention of the Public was seriously directed to prisons and the programs in effect. Today, the results are evident in many ways. The movement has been forward. We repeat, slowly perhaps, yet forward in the relative sense.

Yes, the Public are our friends. We should be the first to say it, feel it, and think it.

Compare yesterday with today.

Try it, fairly.

Good sense travels on well worn paths; genius never. And that is why the crowd, not altogether without reason, is so ready to treat great men as lunatics.

—Cesare Lombroso

THE PREACHER

- when you are on your way to work?
7. Do conversations regarding work bore, or nauseate you?
 8. Are you secretly hoping there is no work in the Hereafter?
 9. Do you take a good half-hour coffee break?
 10. Do you often go to lunch and forget to come back?
 11. Would you be willing for your wife to support you?
 12. Would you quit work if you suddenly won inherited or stole \$100,000?

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DEPT. OF REMISSIONS:

Dear Sir:

I wish to make an application for a remission of sentence on the grounds that I am a

Continued from page 37

very detrimental influence upon the inmates of this penitentiary.

I am serving a five year term for robbery of which I am fully guilty. Everyone I have met here is either innocent of any wrong doing or are incarcerated due to the mishap of a harmless prank. Of course there are a few who became mixed up with the wrong type of females (minors) and others who accidentally walked through a store window while inebriated.

I am quite certain that you will see the futility of keeping me in this place any longer. Hoping for an early release,

Yours respectfully,
The Preacher.

Our Readers Write....

The Last Word

Got a beef or a bouquet? This is *your* page so let fly.
Reader reaction is the only criterion on which to plan future editions.

** ** **

Dear Boys:

Sorry I was overdue but please find enclosed \$1.00 for the Diamond. I do like this little book and you all deserve credit for the interesting reading.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) R. Harris,
Ottawa, Ont.

(Ed: Thank you, Mrs. Harris for your kind thoughts and words. Mr. Harris has a lot on his mind with his new position and naturally it slipped his mind. We hope you will continue to find our little "gem" interesting.)

The Editors:

Enclosed please find a little donation of \$2.00. I like your publication and wish I could do more.

Mrs. Hilda Aronson,
Sault St. Marie

(Eds We appreciate your letter of encouragement, Mrs. Aronson, and your donation is greatly appreciated. We have noted your correct address and we hope you will continue to enjoy our publication.)

The Editor:

I thoroughly enjoy your magazine. Please find enclosed cheque for one dollar for a year's subscription.

(Rev.) RD.. Horsburgh,
Hamilton, Ontario.

(Ed: Thank you very much, Rev. We hope you enjoy our publication more and more, and we enjoy having you as a subscriber.)

The Editor:

"May I say how much I think the Diamond contributes to the penal press as it has constantly shown a high standard both of thought and of style. You and your predecessors are to be congratulated."

Arnold Edinborough,
Editor,
Kingston Whig-Standard.

(Ed: We appreciate your kind words, Mr. Edinborough. From a learned newspaperman, and scholar, we consider this a compliment, and we hope you shall continue to have faith in our endeavours.) (Ed Note: Mr. Edinborough is a champion in the cause of penal reform, and wrote an excellent article in our October, 1956 "Diamond").

R.C. PRIESTS FILL IN FOR VACATIONING PADRE

Serving as "summer replacements" for Father Felix J. Devine, local Catholic Chaplain, were Frs. H. Seasons, Francis Xavier Birns and Peter Hoppe.

The Catholic Congregation extends their appreciation to the Reverend Fathers for considerately filling in during vacationing Father Devine's absence.

Father Peter Hoppe, S.J., performed church services for three weeks during this period. Churchgoers were deeply impressed by the depth and profound dedication shown to his chosen life's work.

One inmate summed up institutional sentiment when he declared, "..... Some wonderful services by some wonderful men...."

Merry Christmas



and

Happy New Year

From _____

Christmas Eve

Swirling, twirling, whirling down,
Frozen diamonds fall from high,
Purple midnight shrouds the land,
Vagrant breezes sigh and sigh.
But hark--upon the night so still
A muffled pounding now we hear,
Behold--the rider comes in view,
His sled, his bag, his prancing deer.
O happy night for youth and age,
It comes at end of twelve-month pause.
The morrow, loud with shouts of joy
"We've had a call from Santa Clause."

The Staff

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